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The Adventure and Entertainment Magazine

# THE NET IS CLOSING ON MASS MURDERER MARTIN BORMANN

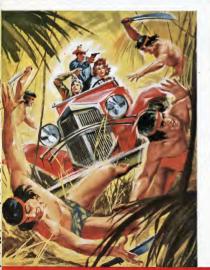
Search is about to end for the man whose war crimes topped Eichmann's

Complete Suspense Novel

### THE DEADLY BROAD

...Her body was a warm promise of pleasure.

And she needed a man with a gun...





Savo Bay Disaster

SHAMEFUL PACIFIC MIX-UP THAT COST 3,000 G.I. LIVES

**Exclusive Report** 

THE STRANGE GIRLS WHO LIVE WITH STREET GANGS

## **Three Who Escaped From Headhunter Bay**

The Yankee soldier-of-fortune led the strangest Filipino expedition ever recorded....

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ic's tools (left.) You keep all

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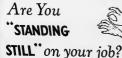


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"Olxon's Epidemic" has hit London, p. 31



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husky, big-shouldered bull of a man-ready for anything? Mail that cou pon now-don't snend second-rate body!

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Leec. SHU





W. SHERMAN BURNS, AMERICA'S DEAN OF INVESTIGATORS

# THE PRIVATE EYE YOU DON'T SEE ON TELEVISION

Do blonde, buxom dames in trouble come to him? Can he break the law and get away with it? Does he make enough dough to live like a movie star? Is he a better physical specimen than Mr. Universe? A top man in the detective game takes the stand to tell MRN's readers what it's like to be a real-life Sam Spade

Q. Some people say that with all the new electronic gadgets a detective now uses, the old glamour and individual daring have gone out of the business. Is this true?

A. I don't go along with the statement that there's any flamour in it to heigh with. But maybe we're so close to it that we don't recognize the flamour. Anyway, we run our ordanization like any other anyway, and the statement of the statement o

Q. What kind of guy makes the best "private eye?"

A. That's hard to say. I don't think they come out of a mold. But I suppose any private investigator has to have certain hasic qualities, an average I.Q., patience (that's very important), the shility to sift out the important from the (Continued on page (8)) UNDERCOVER EXPERT Burns runs huge Burns Detective Agency set up by his father, a pioneer in investigation field



"The detective shows on TV are a lot of bunk. But for entertainment, I guess they have to do it that way"

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н	



T WAS PAYDAY, THERE WAS FRED, LOOKING A LITTLE RUN-DOWN. ON THE SAME JOB IO YEARS, NICE GUY, MARRIED. TWO CHILDREN.

FRED AND I WALKED AWAY FROM THE PAY WINDOW TOGETHER. HE SEEMED DEPRESSED, I WINDOW

DEPRESSED, UNHAPPY.

EACH WEEK I FEEL I'M
LETTING THE KIDS DOWN,
CAN'T SEEM TO AFFORD
THINGS THEY NEED, I'M



FRED'S WORDS HIT ME ALL OF A SUDDEN. I COULD SEE MYSELF SAYING THE SAME THING— NO YEARS FROM NOW!



THAT NIGHT, STILL THINKING ABOUT FRED, I SAW AN I.C.S. AD ABOUT HOW I.C.S. TRAINING OPENS JOB OPPORTUNITIES. HOW PEOPLE LIKE ME CAN WIN PROMOTIONS MORE PAY



JUST THE THING NEED TO DO SOMETHIN ABOUT GETTING AHE



FRED'S STILL ON THE SAME OLD JOB, STILL-HOPING FOR THE "RREAK" HE'LL NEVER CET WITHOUT TRAINING, ONE DAY THE BOSS CALLED ME IN .. YOU'RE BEING PROMOTED TO ASSISTANT SUPERVISOR, AND A GOOD RAISE GOES WITH THE JOB! THANKS TO THOSE PRACTICAL I.C.S. COURSES

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# Learn at Home SPARE TIME to Fix Electrical Appliances

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Name Age

# THE LAUGHING PLACE

ON a picnic, little Walter strayed away from his parents and became lost in the woods. He wandered around for a long time and finally, becoming frightened, decided to pray

"Dear Lord," he prayed as be spread his hands out fervently, "I'm lost. Please belo



me to find my way out of here." As be was praying, a little bird happened to fly over and dropped something squarely into Walter's outstretched hand. "Ob, please, Lord," he begged, "don't haod me that. I'm really lost."

Stern father: "Say, young man! It's past midnight! Do you think you can stay with my daughter all night?" Young man: "Okay, sir, but I'll have to phone my mother first."

A big Hollywood star traveling to New York, opened the door of his drawing room and found two very beautiful girls already there. They all examined their tickets and found that the girls had boarded the wrong train. Very upset they asked if they couldn't

That's impossible," said the actor. "I'm a newly married respectable man, and I can't afford even a breath of seandal. One of you will have to leave."

"Wby, I'm ashamed of you, my son," the father screamed at his lazy offspring. "When George Washington was your age, he had become a surveyor and was bard at work," "And when he was your age," shot back the lad, "he was President of the United States."

Two business partners were fishing in a small rowboat, and suddenly a storm came up. The boat capsized, and while one of the men began to swim, bis partner floundered and sputtered helplessly. He was sinking.
"Say, Harold," the swimmer said to the sinking man, "can you float alone?"

"Look!" said the other. "I'm drowning and you talk business?"

A mobster's son, a contestant on a late lamented giveaway show had progressed all the way to the top rung, and with each correet answer his father shouted, "That's my The \$64,000 Question was, "Who shot

Abrabam Lincoln?" After an agonizing silence, the young man confessed, "I don't remember." The audience groaned-but the father hollered "That's my boy. "How can you be so happy?" demanded the man seated next to him. "Don't you re-

alize your son bas just lost \$64,000?"
"That's my boy!" repeated the father eestatically. "He never squeal on nobody!"



"Make him stop cheating"

"How is your wife doing with her re-ducing diet?" "Great! She disappeared completely last week!"

Do you have an original gag or two? Send it to the Editor, MEN, 655 Medison Arenue, New York 21, N. Y., and sein \$5 If he likes it. Sorry, no returns.



MEN DECEMBER, 1960





THE HUNT FOR MASS
MURDERER
MARTIN
BORMANN



#### By BILL CROSSMAN

F he is alive, and most undercover men insist he is, then Martin Bormann, fat-faced Christian-killing Nazi mass-murderer, is breathing air that is full of fear.

or the hunt is on, without let-up, to the hitter end of the capture, imprisonment and execution of this half-sane criminal who was called "Hiter's evil shalf-sane criminal who was called "Hiter's evil shalf-sane criminal who was called the hitself in serving up torture and death, who murdered hundreds by his own pudgy hand and ordered he death of thousands, perhaps millions, more.

The hunt has heen on since 1945. When Allied victory opened up the gates of Gemany's "liquidation factories," survivors of their tortures walked out and hegan to prowl the world. They are still at





AT TOP OF POWER IN 1945, Bormann (above) helped Hitler self, was named in Fuehrer's will as heir to empire

it, and the object of their search is the remaining Nazi fugitives, the clever and cowardly ones, Bormann amone them, who skinned out of Germany into prepared hideouts all over the world, with fat bank accounts, false names, total disguises, even with their familiar faces altered by a surgeon's scalpel.

It is a relentless hunt, as the recent capture of "Hitler's Hangman," Adolf Eichmann points up. Wherever he is now, and the best guesses put him behind the Iron Curtain in East Germany or Moscow, or in Egypt or another Arab nation, Bormann is surely not sleeping soundly. He sees in his cracked dreams the face of the avenger who will tan him on the shoulder and call him to his doorn, the bauntingly familiar face worn by every man who lived through a concentration camp,

A few days ago, one of these roaming, secretive avengers sat across from me in a noisy Times Square cafeteria. He is a thin, small man in his forties, looking older—sharp-featured and tense as a spring. His loose-fitting suit hides soars inflicted by his Nazi tormentors. He peers at you through sun-glasses, even in artificial light, to protect his eyes which have been scarred by lye fumes, He was introduced to me as Arye, probably an

assumed name.

#### MASS MURDERER

REPORTED ALIVE IN 1952, Bormann was spotted living in



"Who is next on your list, Arve?" I asked. "One of the biggest swine of them all-Martin Rormann

I must have raised an eyebrow, "Isn't Bormann supposed to be dead?"

"He would like us to believe that, no doubt." Martin Bormann, Hitler's one-time deputy: the

man whose signature was required on every law; the real power behind the tottering, drug-addicted Hitler of the last days and finally his heir and suc-While most Nazis victimized Jews, Bormann

gunned for Christians. This was his great specialty. For a while, he was violently obsessed with the idea of doing away with Christmas. For relaxation he read about the agonies suffered by Christian martyrs. Having a sadist's mind, he enjoyed inspecting Nazi death factories.

Over the din of the cafeteria, Arve told of Bormann's visit to the (Continued on page 52)



### 

# DEADLY BROAD

Her body was a warm, bare promise of pleasure-

By O. G. BENSON

ART BY HARRY SCHAARE



SHE was sitting in the office just out of my line of vision. cut off by the door frame. All I could see of her were her legs. Two of the longest, loveliest and most exciting legs since Marlene Dietrich drove the schoolmaster nuts in "Blue Angel."

I went on in and everything that was there waiting to see me lived up to those legs. She hit you like a scented silken whip and it all breathed money. From the straw picture hat in her lap with the tiny white flowers around its wide brim Provi CASH'S WOMAN, by O. C. Breary, convicts in 1000 by O. C. Breary





THESE CAPTAINS WERE IN THE BATTLE





# A Jap fleet was swooping down on them, but the flock of fat U.S. warships had blinders on its radar, red-tape stuffed up its guns. Few people have even heard of it, but in this 30-minute holocaust, our Navy took a licking that was every bit as bad as Pearl Harbor...

# Disaster at Savo Bay THE SHAMEFUL PACIFIC MIX-UP THAT COST 3,000 G.I. LIVES

By MARTIN FASS

A SEARCHLIGHT rushed across the dark water of the South Pacific, pioning the cruiser U.S.S. Astorio io its glare like a frightened rabbit. There was an instant of curious silence, and then roaring into life, Japaoese naval funs burled two blistering salvos at the American ship.

The salvos fell abort. On board the Astoria, men dasbed to battle stations, but the ship's gunners received no order to fire. More Japaness shells dug gayers out of the dark ocean, closer to the American cruiser. The enemy was getting the range. Still, the guns of the Asteria were silent. The salvos, it was thought, must be coming from a friendly Alliled ship which somehow and mistaken the Astoria for the enemy. It seemed (Continued on page 81)









#### HEADHUNTER BAY

Nueva Vizcaya province on the Philippine island of Luzon at a time when the Igorots were hungry for new and unusual heads.

At noon on April 14, 1954, Thomas Glasby was passed out on the dusty road in the shadow of the old, open touring car that was the property of the Welton Mineral Company. His thinning hair was wet with sweat where it touched his forchead, and his fair skin, mottled with the fine blood lines of the beavy drinker, appeared clammy.

Contemptuously, Annamarie Glasby prodded him with her foot. "My busband is a pig."

she said. Fred Fisher, the Glasbys' guide on his "sight-seeing" expedition, said nothing. He glanced once at Mrs. Glasby. She made bim think of a 15-year-old girl overtaken by womanbood suddenly, before she quite knew how to handle it. Blonde, with arching breasts and a soft-fleshed yet firm body, she bad the obvious physical equipment of a beautiful woman, yet it was as if she did not believe this berself. She wore incredibly tight dresses against which the outlines of her figure strained like toothpaste in a tightly squeezed tube, she was careless about pulling her dress down when she crossed her legs, so that Fisher was continually catching views of the dazzling white inside of her thighs, she left the lower buttons of ber blouse ensually unbuttoned to show inches more of ber full, smooth bust than was proper. A fine animal, Fisher thought appraisingly, but not one it

would be pleasant to be mixed up with. "Listen," he said finally, "I think your busband has bad enough. Let's bead back for

Manila."

"No," she said stubbornly. "I didn't drive 100 miles up into this stinking jungle for nothing. I want to see some excitement, Besides, she added, "what difference does it make if be's passed out in the back of the station wagon or in the botel?"

Fisher was annoyed. They had been browsing around the jungle for three days at the Glasbys' insistence, or rather at Mrs. Glasby's, so that, as she said, she could see "what the Philippines were really like." What, specifi-



HEAD SEASON for Igorots (above) is in spring, when young male must give freshly cut "trophy" to bride's father

"NEVER MIND SHOOTING THEM," Fisher told her as they roared into the Igorot's patrol. "I'll just pretend they're ten-pins and we're coming down the alley"

cally, she meant by this, Fisher had no idea. He thought perhaps she was just trying to bedevil Glasby, who had not been bigh on the expedition to begin with and had not drawn a completely unalcoholic breath since they'd left Manila.

With a restless woman and a drunken sot to backstop him. Fisher did not reliab bumping backstop him. Fisher did not reliab bumping into any Igorot, and they were getting close to the tribe's territory. "We'll go back," he said quietly. He was a thick-necked man with flaqping cars, skin the color of strawberries. The print cars that the color of strawberries and a liking the color of the wash's working and for women at all time wasn't working and for women at all time wasn't working

Annamarie Glasby stared at him, her lips curled angrily. "The company won't like it when I tell them you crossed me up."

"They wouldn't like it if I brought in a big stockholder and his wife without their heads either. Get in the ear."

She crossed her arms and remained standing

in the dusty road. Above and around them the tall trees of the Abra Mountains rose over them, closing the road in on both sides like carryon walls. The tops of the trees were still bright-lik. But on the road pools of darkness repright-like and on the road pools of darkness were already filling the low places. "Make me get in the carr," she said, smiling suddenly like gir in the carr," it she said, moving to the dark of the dark of the said of th

AND then he jerked back and ras around to the back door of the car shading his hade head in disgust and yelling "Get in the ear," so column it, get in the car," as west. He column is get in the car," as west. He column is get in the car, as well as the column is get in the car, and it is a superior of the leaster and ansatched up the 35 miles and the leaster and ansatched up the 35 miles and the season of the leaster of the column is the season of the season o

Then he sat still, scanning the leaves, feeling the sweat gather on his forebead. Behind him he could hear Annamarie Glasby bang the front door closed. "You better come over here," he said curtly, "I may need you." She climbed over the seat into the back be-

Side him. Her arms were trembling and she bent close to him to whisper when she spoke, a little closer than was necessary, so that he could see deep into the valley of her breasts. "What is it?" she said.

"We'll know soon enough," he muttered.
"Somebody's prowling (Continued on page 46)



By LEONARD GRIBBLE

ASSIGNMENT:

ASSASSINATED Trotsky named

# KILL RUSSIA'S NUMBER TWO



ASSASSIN Mornard demonstrated how he did the job with a pickaxe, after earlier agent failed, got "lime burial"

# MAN

He was holed up in a massive stone fortress ringed with bodyguards and machinegun nests, but Stalin knew that to sleep easy he had to have this man's head on a platter



ASSASSINATION weapon is held by Mexicen police, who proved murderer (below, right) had spent years scheming, seducing, to get into Trotsky's house as "one of the family"

ON a night when rain fell with tropic violence on the little Mexican village of Santa Rosa and hissed on the tarmae of the Desert of Lions road, a group of men invaded a house on the village outskirts.

They wore gas-masks and carried large-headed fire-axes. They went into an outhouse that served as a kitchen and let the light from a lantern shine in one corner, where the flattened earth of the floor looked a slightly different color from the rest. "Take it easy," said their leader. "Don't damage

the head."

It was past midnight, and the rain's tattoo did not ease. Earlier that day they had stood in the house and observed the different color of the earth in the corner. They had horrowed an axe from a peasant in the village and loosened the soil that had been trampled down. They knew there was a hody con-

cealed in the corner. The question was-whose? They had an idea, but to be certain they had to make sure the corpse's features were not marred by a clumsy stroke from one of the heavy axes. The loosened earth was shovelled away. The pile frew and lengthened. The corpse must be that of a tall person. When they reached the knees the diggers thought they had come to the feet. The tall person was unlikely to be a Mexican.

The diggers had to spade away lime to get at the hody of a man almost six feet six inches tall. The features were unrecognizable. (Continued on page 58) From MANDS OF TERROR by Lernant Colonia, copyright @ 2800 by Lernant division





Louise Dixon



THE GIRL WHO STARTED AN EPIDEMIC





## THE GIRL WHO STARTED AN EPIDEMIC

When satin-limbed, sunshinehaired Louise Dixon skipped into London, a mysterious fever immediately swept the city. As she strolled down the Mall, busmen and bobbies staggered from hot and cold spells, uncontrollable sighing and a mad urge to throw up everything and take this 20-year-old sprite off to Patagonia. Talent scouts and TV moguls shot themselves out of cannons trying to sign her 35-21-36 inch loveliness to 50-year contracts. The malady was finally identified as Dixon's Disease. Britishers warn that it may spread to America. There is no known cure.





# SHOWDOWN BETWEEN THE TWO TOUGHEST MEN IN THE WORLD

By W. DOUGLAS LANSFORD



One was the meanest, brawlingest s.o.b. in America. The other was a "cutey" who dressed like a dude but had steel in his fists. When they squared off, \$1,000,000 rode on the outcome

THAT late summer of 1892 Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States; Thomas Alva Edison was emerging as the Wizard of Menlo Park; the great steel strikes were on with the Pinkertons and strikers exchanging gunfire; bandits and gunfighters roamed the West and the entire nation stood facing its destiny of greatness as the Colossus of the coming century. There was a bot time in the old land a-building but

EPIC BATTLES



"FORGIVE ME, GENTLEMEN," the Strong Boy said. "I would take you on one at a time but I have a lady waiting"

# CHOMOOMN

"The Dude" heard his friend was betting on the Boston Strong Boy and warned. "I'll win. Reconsider, switch your bet." The friend did reconsider. He went out and bet \$10,000 more on the Strong Boy not half a dozen of the 65 million Americans in the streets would have apared you ten minutes to talk about these momentous affairs, for they were too busy discussing an event of far more immediate important the street of the



Listen. What could be more important John 4, almost, the Boston Strong Boy, the Champion of Champion, the undefeated and undefeatable fold of these 44 United States, which was the state of the state o

playing kird-the-en or marking or basekal in any street from Hardemanck to Leithila.

"Are you kiddin', mister? Who's John L.F.

"Are you kiddin', mister? Who's John L.F.

why his pitcher of new johen's An' you jest worth three of explody cleen! An' you jest worth three of mister than him. Correct innarian the state of the state

# THE STRANGE GIRLS WHO LIVE WITH STREET GANGS

#### By EVERETT SHINN

The blonde doll who drives a Cadillac with a gun strapped to her thigh, the lost Puerto Rican girl who thinks sex is like saying "hello," the twofisted redhead who likes girls, too—these are some of the weird "gang wives" who play, flight, kill and bed down with America's teen-are hoodlums

THE peace talks took place on the neutral ground of the Youth Center. The two gang leaders sized each other up solemnly, with the dignity of generals or diplomats. Hat Man, president of the Barons, was lean, dark, tall and expres-

rata valle, presument or too barons, was tean, dark, tall and expressionless. He had a "rep" as a lover who used his leadership of the gang to enhance his status with the girls in the neighborhood. On, one of the Dustern United, was middle-sized, with huge forward developed hy weight-lifting; he had a record, and which have quietly proud, that included truancy, larceny and armed assume.

The social worker who'd hrought these two together to settle a dispute—over who had the right to the territory surrounding a certain used-ear lot—was pleased with the way things were going. The worker stepped out of the room for a moment, to give the hoys a chance for more informal discussion.

Then, in the door came trouble, wrapped in a package of adolescent hlonde curves. The girl's name was Mary Lou, and though only 16 years old, she had a petulant, sensuous woman's face and a hosom that was, in the words of one gang member (Continued on page 70)



# MEN'S NEWSLETTER



KHAKI CROWD-Who says we don't have a hell of a lot of worrying to do about the Chinese Reds? The Japs, just 50 years from the day they were opened up to foreign infiltration, were able to completely outclass and swamp a first class power, the Russians, at the battle of Tsushima Strait in 1904. That was without outside help, Imagine what the Chinese Reds, with help from the Russians, and a zillion more people and natural resources, will

be able to do in 50 years. Our only hope is they'll be fighting their Russian neighbors, not us . . . It's anything for morale in our Navy's Polaris subs, ones that have to stay submerged for months. If a man wants his eggs sunny-side-up, hy God he gets them that way . . . Rumor gathering weight that many Japanese, former junior officers. now in their forties, have never accepted the defeat of Japan by the Allies, nurse grudges, can't really be counted on hy us in any future war . . . Two things we

probably won't have to worry about much in any future war with Russia are bombers and surface vessels. They've simply conceded our superiority in this form of warfare, are sinking all their dough into subs and missiles . . . Navy is really hardpressed to come up with enough Naval Aviation candidates . . One hig question that's never been answered is why didn't we drop the A-Bomb on Germany instead of Japan . . .





PAY WINDOW-These inventions are pretty sorely needed by the National Inventors' Council in Washington: A power source for long-range rockets, a great protective armor for GIs, a way of making spaceships habitable, paper-based material for disposable clothing, a really topflight, efficient tent heater, a gadget to permit the use of cosmic rays in communications or navigation . . . For \$20 a page, there's a newsletter on the West Coast that lets really trate citizens sound off on any topic that's got them steamed up . . . Don't let anyone take a TV set out of your house until you get a firm written estimate of the cost of repairs and a written statement there'll be no additional charges without your

Here are some of the reasons you may fail if you start up a small husiness: 1) Major one is plain old incompetence. You don't helong in business. 2) You have no experience in the line of husiness you've gone into, belong in another bis. 3) Inadequate sales and a lousy location . . . You can huy pythons and hoa constrictors by the foot, just like lumber, from the great mail order house. Spiegel's, Inc. of Chicago Python will stand you around \$150-a-foot . . .





RULES OF THE ROAD-A frequently heard criticism of the compact car: Passing zones and other highway deals are made for larger cars. The headlights are much closer together on compacts, making it difficult for other drivers to judge, at night. their distance from an approaching compact . . . More than four out of five highway deaths result from accidents on twolane roads . . . Some meatballs argue that speed is plenty damned safe, safer under all conditions than going slow. Ask them if they'd rather drive over glass at 30 mph or 60. Have a blowout at 40 mph or 90 mph . . . Our cars are getting longer, sure, but don't forget they're getting wider, too. And in many cases roads haven't gotten wider; making them more dangerous than ever . . .

#### EXCITING NEWS A MAN CAN USE



NINE TO FIVE—A line to get into and a racket to stay out of: Head chefs in large hotels earn as much as \$25,000/year. The average actor's yearly income is \$1100 . . . If you want to start up a small hix, these are the best states for it: North and South Dakota, Nebraska and New Mexico. The failure rate in these states is only four to five per 10,000, compared to 52 per 10,000 nationally . . . Pilots of civilian jet aircraft can earn as much as \$30,000/year.

. . . Lot of outfits see how good a man is by secretly spying on his paper clip usage. They figure if he's really liberal with them, uses them like mad, he's probably wasteful in other areas, too . . . Some company presidents

can't stand a man who puffs on a pipe. Especially if he keeps it in his mouth while he's talking so that you can't tell what in the hell he's saying . . . A new job specialty that's starting up is that of the cash adviser. People seem to have more dough than they've ever had, don't really know how to handle it. For a fee, you step in and handle their money, figure out their taxes, help with their investments, tell them how much insurance they should carry, what kind. Good line if you've a fine head for figures, a pleasing manner . . .





SHORT SHOTS-Producers of great chorus shows all over the world will always insist on having an English girl for "firmness of bosom" and a Dutch girl for perfectly shaped derriere. . . . Viennese partygirls now sport a new kind of gown called the "Ejection robe." It's modeled after jet ejection seats, is set up with springs so that when girl is ready to entertain it actually flies right off her. . . . Reason your grandparents looked so nasty in their pictures is that their false teeth were lousy, made them look grim . . .

A great myth in Asia is that you simply can't talk a Geisha into the sack. Simply not true. What is true is that although she behaves impeccably on the job, as an entertainer, after hours is another matter . . . Though the girls in Puerlo Rico are taught English, and able to talk English to you, they make love in Spanish . . . Nudist colonies require their girls to wear bathing caps in pools . . . Companies looking into "orgy pools" now, among employees. They start out as coed car pools, take longer and longer to get to the office, often turn off into sideroads . . . Most women don't care for moustaches, but when you find one who does, she's usually driven berserk by one . . . Gypsy women will never remove their earrings while making love . . . Only about one guy in 1000 who parachutes will ever hurt himself . . . England once had a law putting to death as a witch any woman who





CORNER SALOON—The man with the hangover needs rest, plenty of it, not exercise, and something alkaline to quiet his stomach. Aspirin is good, too, to ease any pain . . . Vodka, you ought to remember, is nothing more than watered alcohol. By watering the straight stuff on your own, you can cut vodka spending in half . . . Before long, you may see alcometers at your neighborhood bar, let you know if you can take another beer or whether it'll lift the alcohol in your bloodstream to the danger point . . . The average adult weighing 150 can drink, with no changes in feeling, a single whisky highball, six ounces of table wine or two bottles of beer. Double the dose and he begins to relax mentally . . .

(continued on next page)

#### MEN'S NEWSLETTER

OUTDOOR DIGEST.—Some of the small foreign cars have been split in half by deer crossing roads. Deer bave continued on, just slightly dazed . . . If you have your choice of campfire wood, your best bet is green hickory, next is oak, the dogwood, apple, alder and tronwoods ... Locust is one of the best for all-high fires ... Dammed important if you're in a wet climate. to clean your rifle constantly and then wax it to chase off rust ... Story on the loopard is that

be'll never attack unless your eyes meet his. When he's discovered be charges instantly . . . If you so much as twitch your nose at 150 yards distance, you'll flush a turkey and lose him . . . Reason for the \$500 fine if you tie up to a Federal channel-marker buoy is not that you'll burt it but that you'll render it invisible . . . Dove will fall for the crudest decoy. Wouldn't fool any other hird, but dove will just sucker right in, no caution . . . The deer has got so much more time than men. Reason hunters lose deer is they're not patient enough to sweat a deer out. They assume a deer they saw run into cover has long gone, then watch it bound away . . . You can always tell if man is experienced bunter if you see him always take the steadiest position before shooting—to kill cleanly, bumanely . . .



MUGS, MAYHEM AND MURDER—The saying that money doesn't leave footprints is pretty valid. Only in the Brinks and Lindbergh baby kidnaping cases did the tracing of bills play a rather major role in the crime's solution . . . New type racketeers are very respectful of hashness methods. When beating up a man to shake him down for money, they'll actually stop in the middle and take a coffeebreak . . . About the lowest on the ladder of petty criminals are restaurant-goers who will crose the waiter's writing on a check, substitute a lower figure . . .



The bead in the oven used to be a favorite means of suicide, but this was fouled up by the advent of natural gas which can make you sick, but won't asphyxiate you . . . Only two out of three persons arrested and formally charged with murder or non-negligent manslaughter are actually convicted of either crime . . . Only 49 got capital punishment last year and, if all the yapping

about the death penalty died down, it would go the way of any outdated idea-like the law that says you can't kiss your wife on Roston Common on Sundays . . .

SPORTING NEWS—If the guy's right arm is three times thicker than his left, you can tell be works broncos. That's the arm that grips the rigging of the bronc. To go into this bir. you've got to be willing to break your collarbone at least a dozen times in your career. That's the big bronc buster injury . . . Fastest anyone's ever hit a tennis ball is the 120-mpb service of Pancho Gonzales . . . The greatest pleasure of defensive linebackers in pro football is to "Red Dog," that is, to knife through the line and boul down the offensive

quarterback . . . The supposedly secret weight-making trick of Archie Moore: be rises early, chops trees till be's tired, sleeps two bours more, then chops trees till he's tired, sleeps, etc.

For forgetful bettors, who wander off with winning tote tickets tucked in their jeans, the state of Maryland pays off any time up to three years . . . Greatest David and Goliath prizefighter in history was between a 140-pound stripling named Bob Fitzsimmons and Ed Dunkhorst who broke the scales with his hulking 300 pounds. The winner? Fragile Fitz.



#### HOW TO KICK THE CIGARETTE HABIT

continued from page 27

following symptoms: (1) Extreme, acute anxiety; (2) Course tremors of the bands, eyes, and other parts of the body; Swelling of the hands and feet; (4) Inability to cat; (5) Nassea and vomiting; (6) A sudden

doire to get drunk.

It suddenly dawned on me that I had experienced all the symptoms reported by both alcoholics and marcotics addicts during

"withdrawal periods."

If I couldn't quit smoking, maybe I was addicted to smoking, just as much as the morphine user is addicted, or the chronic blob-bit.

FOR most of the people most of the time, I'm convinced, proching is a boon, not a threat, to human health and Rappineur. Distitutely innoceous babli relieves teusion and anothey for most smokers, and most smokers get very real pleasure from smoking, a pleasure that is immensely valuable in a world that is not all peaches and cream to zero means.

by any means.
It is those persons who have respiratory
trouble and those persons who are just
plain sick and tired of smoking BUT WHO
CANT QUIT that I am interested in. Put
interested in providing a method that will
easile their persons to quit smoking paistusty and Asppily if and when they want
to cult not before

to quit, not before.

And it looks as if I may have stumbled onto just such a method.

For sinre Q-Day itself I have experienced no nervousness, nausea, antiety, or any

other form of discomfort due to cigarette withdrawal.

From the morning of Q-Day on it has been as if I—a confirmed smoker of 40 to 50 cigarettes a day for over 20 years—

had never smoked in my life! Just as Q-Day, 1955, had frightened me out of my wits and proved to be one of the worst days of my life, Q-Day, 1954, was one of the \*fireametis, most exciting days of my life. I had a wonderful appetite, and, just

like the popular books bad said, food smelled absolutely delicious. Here's bow you can stop smoking. A twenty-one-day period of preparation

for Q-Day precedes the actual program of ciparette withdrawal for both Heavy and Addicted Smokers.

It is easy, costs little or nothing, does not

involve giving up any except a few "key" cigarettee of the day.

Instructions must be followed to the letter, Read them over, and if you're not making to shid by the rales you probably don't have enough motivation to make the system work another.

But if you are ready and willing, here poss:

Choose a time for D-Day. The herinning of a long weekend is an ideal time, although almost any sensible time will do. An unsensible time would be a time of anticipated

pessure of any sort: important business meetings, celebrations, trips—anything which night divert your attention from the business at hand; quitting smoking. Having chosen your time, perferably

se, acute within three months after first reading this se bands, book, you are ready to take the first step Swelling of the preliminary period.

of the preliminary period.

A. Exactly 21 days before your Quitting Day, change your brand of cigarettes. It decent matter much which brand you change to, but be aware of the fact that you're never poing to smake your favorite brand again. You'll never uses to, after you've berunt the programs.

B. On the same day, Q-Day minus 21, climinate smoking before breakfast; climinate smoking for one bour after each meal; climinate smoking for one bour before retiring. This step is extremely important, so we'll make it easy for you. Do these

so were make it easy for you. Do these

J. Hewe a lasts of freit juice or glass of
water with the juice of a lemon in it readily
available upon availening. Do not have
ciparettes available at line: Sie them
ciparettes available at line: Sie them
control to the control of the control
memoral following availableing and
perceding your drink of juice are probably
the most disappross of the whole enterprises

were still all and stepp: "will power" in at
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a change to develope and all and any
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2. After breakfast and after each meal
throughout both the preliminary period and
the program proper start a regimen of eral
hygiene:
Immediately after eating, or as soon as

you can possibly manage it, clean your teeth with dental flots (or a tootbpick, if it will really get all the food out), brush your teeth thoroughly, rinse your mouth, gargle with a 50 per cent solution of hydrogen peroxide and water. You will find that you will not really want a cigarette until your bour is up. You might think you ought to want one, seeing as bow you've always wanted one desperately at these times-but you won't. Things are changing, You have begun disassociating the connection between the taste of food and the impact of cigarette smoke on your throat 3. Now is the time, too, to familiarize vourself with the techniques we shall call, for lack of a better name, "conscious suppression "

WE want you to suppress any idea whatsever that you might have that you want a cigarette. You do this by thinking of something clese. The instant the idea of smoking occurs bankin it from your mind. Doa't play with it; don't "just try it on for size" for a moment; BANISH IT AT ONCE!

C. Also 21 days prior to Q-Day start a List of Reasons for quitting smoking. This can be done in a notebook or ca a steet of paper convenient to carry with you wherever you go. This list is going to be of primary importance to you throughout the program.
A few suggested categories of reasons

are listed below for your guidance:

Physical Restons. You will feel better
in geveral inveredistely and will continue
to do so as soon as you quit smoking. Your

cough will disappear. You will be less short-winded and able to walk up a flight of stairs without that embarrassing puffing. You will have fewer colds, sore throats, and attacks of indigential and attacks of indigential prove; your teth will be cleaner and

prove; your teeth will be cleaner and whiter than you thought possible; your fingers will look younger and cleaner; your general appearance will be bealthier, more virile, more attractive. You won't be burning holes in your best suit any more either.

Financial. There are a startling number of reasons in this category. Not only does a smoker who consumes two packs a day speed almost \$2.00 a year on cigarette almost the price of a couple of pretty good control with the constraint of the control with the control to the control with the control

going to be higher when you gott madeling, e-even if nothing the matters by you! Personal. This category has to be up to you. Dig deep for reason, and remember that no sure but you in going to see the little to sure but you in going to see the little controlling as did not be the property of the prope

D. Two weeks pervious to your Quitting. Day change your brand of cigarettes again, this time choosing the brand you like least but which will stave off actual craving and nervousess. Continue all the other sipulatious: the oral bygiene, the short periods of abstiencer, and the compilation of your list of reasons for wanting to stop provided.

stooking.

E. Seven days before Q-Day change to the wildest eigarette that will stave off craving and nervousness, and continue all the different stipulations of the two preceding weeks.

THE next step for the Heavy Smoker to take is as follows: Obtain, from any reputable druggist, a supply of

(1) Five caffeine tablets.
(2) Ten antihistamine capsules (or tablets or pills, it doesn't matter). Consult your physician or druggist for the best type for you to take in the dosages sugnsted here.

gouse nere.

(3) Twenty-one throat lozenges, of the type designed specifically as aids in tobacco witbdrawal: "End-Habs," "Bantron," "No-Tobac," or others.

Tobac," or others.

(4) Twenty-four "Flavettes," or similar product. A different type lozenge for alleviating the desire to smoke.

None of the above articles requires a

doctor's prescription. They may be purchased over the counter in any state of the Union.

The big difference between the Heavy

Smoker and the Cigarette Addict is pointed up dramatically by the fact that these non-prescription drugs are never adequate for the Addicted Smoker. He requires more potent medicine.

The next step for the Cigarette Addict is to obtain from any reputable medical

# MEN and MEDICINE

DOCTOR TESTS SURVIVAL IN ARCTIC - Dumped in the snowbound Arctic wastes, a civilian doctor went through a grueling three-day ordeal to test survival techniques for the US Air Force Alaska Command. He concluded that plane crash victims who are in shock were probably better off eating their rations immediately, rather than conserving it for the tremen-dous effort needed for such chores as gathering wood or building signals in the snow. Getting water was his greatest major obstaclewhich he overcame by melting snow. Concerning fire, the doctor said the main value of a blaze was psychological-the physical benefits being minute as the survival clothes provided sufficient warmth.

HOMOSEXUALITY SPREADING VD-Out of 170 men who were diagnosed as having syphilis in Los Angeles, 159 were induced to identify their sexual partners of the previous three months so that they, too, could be treated, Eighty-nine, who were homosexuals, were more pro miscuous, as they averaged more than six different partners during the three month period; while the heterosexual 49 averaged not quite three different partners. The Los Angeles statistics, borne out by health departments in other states, seem to indicate that homosexuality among males is probably the dominant factor in the spread of syphilis.

WHAT ARE THE ODDS ON YOUR BEING SICK?-If you could pick 100 men at random and run them through a battery of doctors, chances are that more than 90 of them would be found to have something wrong with them. During the last 12 years, researchers at Tulane University have examined over 10,-000 people between the ages of 30 and 50. A shocking 92% were discovered to have some disease. The report may well become the basis for a closer physical check for



snow survival





"I CAN'T SMELL A THING!"-How many times a year have you or one of your friends come up with that remark, while in the throes of a cold in the nose? Actually, the popular notion is all wrong according to a doctor who conducted study of men with running noses. Take it from the Oklahoma physician, your powers to smell and identify corn increase as your nose lining becomes red, wet and slightly swollen . . . conditions that occur when you have a cold Poorest odor-detecting performances are turned in by those men whose membrenes are dry, pale and shrunken.

DIRTY MESS KIT DETECTOR-Every ex-combat veteran will remember the three GI cans full of steaming water that stood next to each field kitchen set-up. To fight the battle against coming down with diarrhea, it was necessary to run your mess kit in and out of the three cans in an effort to wash off any grease that might be coating your eating utensils. And no matter how conscientiously you scrubbed. there never was any real assurance you wouldn't be laid up with the runs, anyway. Too bad they didn't have the chemical powder recently developed which, when sprinkled over dishes, causes them to turn red should they contain the slightest trace of grease. Here's how it works: sprinkle the powder over the dishes, then rinse. Should there be any grease, protein or starch film on the plates, they will tint a deep red.

EYES ON THE BLINK-There are several obvious differences between a man and a woman. One you might not have thought of is the fact that a man blinks his eyes on the average of once every three seconds, while a woman does it every four. This has nothing to do with being tired or wide awake—it is just the body's involuntary means of protection. as every blink cleans and rests the eyes With each blink, tears are forced across the comea and if they were collected, they would add up to a third of a dram

every hour.

everybody.

doctor a prescription for the following drues:

(1) Five Dexedrine tablets, 5 mg. (2) Ten phenobarbital pills, 36 gr. Plus items 3 and 4 listed for the Heavy Smoker: loarness ("End-Habs," "Ban-

Smoker: lozenges ("End-Habs," "Bantron," "No-Tobac," etc.) and "Flavettes." From here on out the two therapies are the same, with the all-important exception that the Heavy Smoker uses caffeine and antihistamines and the Cisarette Addict

uses desardine and pherobarbital.

The pills (antihistamic or phenobarbital) are in the nature of sedarios; they
masteract, to an almost exact degree, the
jitters which you'd get from tobacco withdiswal. The tablets (calleine or deserdine)
ase, on the other hand, situationals and serve
to journe you out of your mildly drugged
to jounce you out or you'd to the or crucial few
them.

muses when your will sover is functioning in a street of the control of the contr

mmplete control of yourself and your experiment at all times.

A word of adviso on the matter of drinking alsobalic beverages during the program. Ideally we suggest that you abstain completely for the 32t-slay period. Any drink, even wine or beer, is for most smokers a simula for a claracter.

In respect to food in general, cat anyining you like a to reading only. Once any pourans preper cets under the reading page and tablets you'll be taking requiring page the locages and "Plavettes," will adequately amange your appetite for food as well as fer citeraties. Food, like wine, beer, and liquor, single to curie the desire for smoking, for a variety of reasons. This includes offse and tea. So, once again, only make

it hard on yourself!

if here on yoursets!
Now comes Q-Day itself. Den't work
yourself into a lather thinking how tough
fire pints to be; their of how mech excitetions to be next few days hold for your
hourself her next few days hold for your
hourself her of roming yourself into
home the next few days hold for your
hourself hourself had been an outhourself had been an outsaid an hour before bedfitne; throw the
said an hour before bedfitne; throw the
said on hourself had bedfitne; place your morning juice
said so beddien as strain—and turn out the

lights and go to sleep.

"Q-DAY"—Make up! You've got nething to do but have fun today, Whatever you've planed for the day is well deserved and you'll make up for it a thousandled as you begin to feel better and sweedled as you begin to feel better and sweedled as you have abour after benefit and the work of the habit is already broken. To fell the truth, the worst is already to the light of the habit is already broken.

see.

When the time comes for that afterbreakfast smoke we're going to start taking precautions to make sure that no crayine starts and that no nervousness occurs. This will be done partly by drug substitutes, partly by your own "psychotherapy." Don't drive or operate dangerous machibers today.

Here's your schedule:

On awakening: fruit juice. Take the first of your pills, (one) antibistamine or phenobarbital. This will forestall any nervousness. Read list of reasons. arrannat: oral bygiene as usual after eating.

eating.
One hour after breakfast: take one logenger. This will obviate the local (throat)
discomfort you have thought of as
"craving."
Two hours after breakfast: take one

"Flavette": to sustain your throat condition. (No "craving.") Make notes on data sheet. LUNCE: oral bygiene as usual. One bour after lunch: take one pill.

Two hour after lunch: take one pill.
Two hours after lunch: take one lorenge.
Three hours after lunch: take one "Flavette." Make notes.
onvess: oral hypiene as usual.



"I love mashed potatoes"

One hour after dinner: take one pill. Rend list. Two hours after dinner: take one lorenge. Three hours after dinner: take one "Flavette." Make notes.

THE SECOND DAY—Upon awakening the your castein tablet with your juice and read your list.

Today is to be exactly the same as year-day except that you will eliminate your first actiative pill. You won't need it; these drups are slightly cumulative in effect, and drups are slightly cumulative in effect, and

you'll be even calmer than you were yesterday at the same time. Be sure to read your list and continue your data sheet. Don't forget the all-important "suppression" technique. The notion of smoking, or "erying on the imag-

tion of smoking, or "trying on the imaginary feel of a cigarette for size," is tabeo. THE THIRD DAY—Feeling better all the time? Thought so! Teday is going to be exactly the same as the second day except that you will climi-

the second day except that you will climinate your after-inscheon redative pill—for the same reason as before; you won't need it, and we're beginning to "taper you off" the drugs just as we tapered you off the cigarette smoking.

You might have had some interesting dreams the last couple of nights, so don't forget to include them in your data sheet. Doesn't food taste wonderful? THE FOURTH DAY\_That's sicks are

THE FOURTH DAY—That's right—everything the same as before except that after-dimen pill: don't take iii.

You should be fairly attended by now that things have been so easy. Are you noting all this down on your data sheet?

One of the tirms that consistently showed

sing all this down on your data sheet?

One of the items that consistently showed up on the data sheets in the early experiment. But mints was the first "thirll" experienced. It was going to make it!" "If I doesn't get any worse than this, it's going to be a betere!" "I can go on like this forecer!" and, more often than not: "Tank Heavens! I've got it made at!".

Thank Heavens! I've got it made at!

last! What a relief!"

How about you?

Stick to the system though. You've got a while to no yet.

while to go yet.

THE FIFTH DAY—You won't need any
sedation at all today.

Eliminate your bedtime pills and you're
off all the drugs as well as the tobacco.

Not only do you not need further sedation because of its cumulative effect, his

the conditions favorable to withdrawal tremors are beginning to subside. You've beccoming "de-ciapartitized" just as the alcobolic usually becomes de-alcobolized after four or five days of treatment.

This doean't mean that your organism is

altogether back to normal, however.

Just keep on going from day to day.

Don't get too excited; don't let yourself get
bored either.

THE SIXTH DAY—Take your last eyeoccure tablet. You wow't need either cafeise

or decodrine any more since this was mainly to temporarily counteract the effect of the sedative pills upon arising. Today you can rely entirely on the through locatings and "Flavettes." Your previously assimilated drugs plus your decreasing need for tobacco will level out comfertably as

far as nervousness is concerned. Jitters are no longer a problem. Today, too, your head is going to become even clearer and your general energy even greater. Hold 'er, Newt!--don't get too wild

greater. Hold 'er, Newt!—don't get too wild and rambunctions' Enjoy your new life—it's like a real "re-Enjoy your new life—it's like a real "rebirth," isn't it?—but try to remain reasonodly calm, cool, and collected. Your new achiliaration is going to taper off somewhat just like your craving for cincrettes did, and

you don't want to find yearself a month from now with a mountain of way, project from now with a mountain of way, project world or revolutionain; the front office.

Just take it casy a few more days and you't on you't on you're on you't on you't on you're on you't on you have you'd you have you hand you have you have you have you have you have you have you have

eleventh day of the program, you wake up and have nothing left to take. Rend your list, make your final notes on your data sheet while reviewing your program of the past five weeks.

And you're just about through. You're now an ex- (or recovered) Cigarette Addict, or Heavy Smoker, as the case may be. Glad? You bet you are. It wasn't bad at all either, now was it?

#### THREE AGAINST HEADHUNTER BAY

continued from page 23

around in the jungle out there. If they want us, they won't hother to leave a calling card. They'll just start filling us with arrows." His eyes still on the leafy, faceless jungle wall, be pumped the rifle again. "Can you shoot?" he asked.

"A little," she whispered.

He handed her the rife. "If you see anything move, fire. And keep fring. Ive got to get that dreaken hum into the cac." His words weren't going to win him any pats on the lack from the company gods, but he didn't care. He was amony at the Glashys for getting him into this stupid mens. Carefully be summed by junde once more, and then the same of the junde once more, and then the summed by junde once more, and then summed by junde once more, and then the same of the part of the same of the same of the part of the same of the same He was still out cold, at his nour whis-

slipped out and crawled over to Glashy.

He was still out cold, a thin snore whistling in his nostrils. Quicky Fisher hent, grahhing the man's shoulders, and hauled him half erect. He reached for the door handle.

THEN the gun whanged sgain. At nearly the same instant a beavy spear hounced cotto the dirt there feet from him and sifthered states that the state of the state

"Fire again," he screamed.

"I don't know how to work this thing,"
Annamarie shouted back. There was terror
in her voice.

in her voice.

Swearing, Fisher heaved the dead weight of Dr. Glushy's hody into the front side. Then he leapt in and slammed the door. He did not hother to move Glushy, but simply sat down on his legs. And a moment later he was erindling on up the road, his

head bent low over the steering wheel.

The Nucru Vitezya province of the Philippines lies in about the center of the main Philippine Island, Luton. It is some 100 plus miles from Manila, For the most part it is mountainous, reached from the north by sections of both the Ahrs and Sierra Madre Mountains. The mountains contain some minerals, including mangazaroe, the

product which Fisher's compacy, Welcom Minrash, Inc., product, on the labed of Preductic Fisher first cone of the labed of Preductic Fisher first cone of MacArdwarf, assumit heasts. That was on January 24th when the U.S. Army, as MacArdwarf and promised some size years before, returned to be promised some size years before, returned to then, had come through the worst of them, and come through the worst of the had come through the worst of the had come through the worst of the had a pile of hat, pay which he wanted to spend as fast and furiously as he could. The war over, he decided to sixy on in

had a pile of hack pay which he wanted to pend as fast and furiously as he could. The war over, he decided to stay on in Manils for a while and got himself mustered out there. The first day he was a vicilian again, in September 1945, he put himself up in a two-room suite in the Ascional Hotel, sail in three case of hourtered to the stay of the stay of the that had mirzedwally survived the Japanese occupation in the rear room of a patrickle tailor's shop, and took a walk down Manila's streets waving 50-dollar hills at every pretty

girl he saw.

In ten minutes he collected four, olumn, eager, 18-year-old American-loving eigh, but none of them blonds, and this gave him a name until he had an immiration. He exided the fluttering, gireling eigh, who seemed like a flock of olumn newons, with 50-dollar hills clutched in their hands like larve broad crumbs, nast the amound, tolerant even of the rusets in the Nacional's lobby and up to his room. Then he raced out again to the temporary PX which had been set up four blocks away in an old warrhouse and hourbt four large hottles of peroxide Rack in the mam, he had a wild time turning all four into the most completely blande "Scanding, vians" on the Island

The girls, whom he named New York, Chicago, Denver (his home town) and Hollywood, stayed three nights, drank the houhon as though it was Cocx-Cols, took so many haths and showers that the other postsicomplained, and gave Fisher more enjoyment than-he housely felt \$100 should entitle any man to. As he said later, "those lovely dolls tunght me everything! I know

about everything."

After that there were more girls, more parties, until be saw that his money was running out. A little panicky suddenly, he acquired, in quick succession, a one-truck trucking company that hauled freight from Manila to Naga on the southern end of the island, a one-caterpillar construction com-

Manila to Naga on the southern end of the island, a one-chergibilar construction company that hulk a few roads nutride of Manila, and a humber tract in the Cabastuan area that the stripped bare in three months. None of these enterprises gave him the kind of profit he hoped for. Hard up for cash, the took a job in 1951 with the Welton company as overneer of antive labor and general troubleshooter.

IT was in the last capacity that he had heen given the job of entertaining Glasby and his wife. Thomas Glasby had inherited from his stock-broker father a large gioce of Welton stock, and maintaining the value of this, as well as other stock interests he held, was Glasby's sole occupation. He was held, was Glasby's sole occupation. He was appropriate to branche when soler, improvides and many the soler way, and ignorables when almost in the soler way, and

He had gotten off the place at International Alternot drawk and continued drawk for three days. All the while Annamaric Gladey had needed him. She never let up; would be atop drawking, would be places show here a stop drawking, would be places show here a stop drawking, would be place show here a stop drawking. The places have been at the place of the pl

Fisher found her exciting but the situation got on his nerves, and finally in despertion he agreed to Ghaby's suggestion that they visit Nurva Vincaya to look at one of the company's mines. He figured the oneday trip might take Glashy off the sauce for a while, and would the both of them out so that they might want to leave Mazili. Then Mrs. Glashy insisted that it become a three-day sight-seeing journ and Fisher could not talk her out of the idea, Fisher wanted the trip to be on a tight, hunter-si-like basis But it hadn't worked out that way. On the day they left, he planned an 3:00

On the day they left, he planned an 3:00 AM. Start but the Glisskys didn't come down from their room and iten, and then Glashy didn't come down from their room and iten, and the Byriew Hotel har. Fisher drove for two hours, paying as little statemains as possible to the lokkering of the Glashys in the sent behind him. They carried on a running frod, in which the lines had long since been carried you when down of the work of the stateman of th

have this morning?" she said wearily.
"None of your husiness," he said.
"How soon will you past out then?" she
asked sweetly. "I'd like to know so I can

make an arrangement with Mr. Pisher."
"Cut that talk out, Annamarie," he said
"Go-.." The rest of her response was whispered so that Fisher could not hear.
By noon Glashy was taking nips out of a
nocket flask and Mrs. Glashy's treats had

become more hitter and more obvious, even going so far as to mention Glashy's physical defects as a man. It had gone on like that for two days and two nights.

two nights.

By the third day, Fisher had nearly reached
the edge of his tolerance and had trouble in
keeping himself from exploding in a shouting

storm of anger and frestration.

They stopped for banch in a clearing beside the read. Hastling the picnic basket out of the back, Fisher carried it down to the clearing, which sat in the center of a grove of polm trees. The grass was soft, and they sat and att. That is, Fisher and Anantearies.

Glashy ate. Glashy produced a pint of whisky from his jacket pocket and begun belting from it at a good pace. Halfway through the meal he suddenly excessed himself. "Geoma go lie down in the car," he said, and larched toward the road. Fisher rose to help him but Annamaric laid her hand on his arm." "Let him on."

"He's liable to get hit by a truck," he said.
"Never mind," she said. "It would serve him right." She paused to light a ciparette. "You don't suppose there's a nice soft spot on the work hard there he there he

him right." She paused to light a citarette.
"You don't suppose there's a nice soft spot
on the grass hack there by those treet, do
you?"
"For Dr. Chishy?"
"Don't be sith." the said.

He stared at her. The V of her hus and white print hinne was cut low, wide at the lanck, and her hody spilled out of it, looking at at white, cool and smooth as martle, and Fither could almost feel the texture of it cupped in his hands. She was unquestionably a lovely woman. But he shook his head, "It's against enemany policy to sleep with stackholders' wives." She stared at him insolently. "I could get

She stared at him insolently. "I could get you fired, you know."

"You don't like men very much, do you?"

he said.
"Moot men, no. But I don't know you very
well. There's still a chance."
And suddenly Fred Fisher thought: the
fell with it. She really deserves a roll and
Glashy's probably used to it hy now. "All
rishe." he said curth. "Let's no."

She smiled sardonically, "Shouldn't we

He stood. "Make up your mind."
She stood. "I made it up yesterday," she

Doe thing about it pleased Wides. There was no pretens with Annamarie Clabey, As soon as they located a piece of grass safe, and a soon as they located a piece of grass safe, and the proof of the first of the safe of the s

pulled her close against him, and then suringing one arm down under the hare backs of her knees, lifted her freen the ground and hid her down on the grass. The fieth of her thighs was soft and silken to his touch. She cried out only once: "Dama you," she said, "you could have gotten to this the first day," In this world, money like Tom Glashy's tall buys a lot of hanciness.

It was a fiter this that they had found Tom Glasby passed out by the side of the station wagon; and then the Igorots had fired on

It was nearly full dark. The sky above was still botther with light, but Friedr was driving with headlights going. As he putched deady up the significant point of the leading of the his eyes on the forest line alongide, looking for the tellation that would indicate the ambuscade. Other than the world indicate the ambuscade. Other than the weight, just he could not tell what they meant. And then could not tell what they meant.

hat he could not tell what they meant.

And then suddenly Tom Glashy woke
up. "Stop the car," he muttered thickly. "I
fed sick."

Curing, Fisher slammed on the brakes. With awkward haste Glasby pulled himself creek, swang he door open and lurched out into the hrush alongside the road, "Stay right by the car," Fisher shouted.

Either Glasby, in his whisky fog, did not hard or he was imbured with a ridiculous hear or he was imbured with a ridiculous.

sease of modesty. In any case he began fumbling into the foliage by the road, and disspecard. In the growing darkness a little light filtered through the trees but in an bost that too would be goon. Fisher became prim. 'I can't let him go out there," he sad, "Wait in the car."

Annamarie touched his hand, "Let him en," she oigh.

\*Do you want him to get killed?" he said roughly. "Get out of the car, you'll have to come with me."

"I'd rather stay here," Annamarie made fee grabbed her by the zare, pulled her noughly out of the car, and said: "The held power of the car, and said: "The held power would. Like, maybe you think you can flash your large at those speer boys and the power flat your large with the car with the power of the car with th

"Okay, hut stay close behind me. It's pretty damn dark." In the dusk, the jungle was hard going. but Glasby, staggering and crashing through the foliase, had broken a trail and Fisher was able to make out which way he had gone. He was beginning to feel quite nervous. He clatched the rifle tighter, hearing Mrs. Glasby's panting hreath as she hurried close behind him, and hulled through the thick wet brush and kaves.

wet bresh and kaves.

And then suddenly he stopped. Twenty
best absed of him in the dark, beenath a
test absed of him in the dark, beenath a
thing steed out is the dark. For a describhing steed out is the dark. And then as he
man, and not like a man. And then as he
clocked Fisher realized that the figure was
three feet off the ground, tryisting and turning is mid-siz. His hackles rose, and a chill
ing is mid-siz. His hackles rose, and a chill
and analy right. "For Christ take," he said,
and example the withpress, and the shoulder.

"Glashy" he whippered,

"Glasby?" he whispered.

The figure went on doing its dance in the six, and groazing feebly. Fisher paced forward slowly, keeping the righ high. And then as he came within five feet of the mid-sir dancer he realized what it was. Glasby was dangling upside down from a rope attached to a branch of the banyan, muttering drunkealy and waving his arms about. Phiniby he had a steeped lint to native owine.

#### Coming in January Men: OUR NAVY'S KILLER COWS

Ever since the Mindenburg creshed, the value of pan-filled, sirborne comes has been questioned. Still, the U.S. good continued Still, the U.S. good continued to the sirborne continued to the sirborne

trap, the kind used mostly for the wild pigs of the Philippine mountain. Fisher ran toward Glasby, pulling his

knife from its belt hoister. He had gone five yards when he heard a sharp scream behind him and before he turned, he knew what he would see: Anamarie Glisby also dangling upside down from a rope. The scream continued, ended on a wailing,

gang upone down from a rope.

The scream continued, ended on a wailing, lower note, and then he heard Mrs. Glasby's terrified, matfled crying, like the bleating of a sick dog: "Help me, Fisher, get me down, help me."

The trap rope was wound around her left

askle and she was upside down, so that her blonde hair fell like a waterfall that almost touched the ground, and her skirt bung over her face, desdening her voice as she cried. As he ran toward her, Fisher realized that he was looking at the point where the desict loor edges of her panties cut red lines into the fleshy upper part of her thighs.

He was still 10 feet from her when he saw the Igorots. There were eight of them that he could see, standing still as statues in the druky woods in a semicircle areased them, the nearest one about 15 yards away. In the sudden shock, he did nothing, then he raised the rifle to his shoulder and aimed a shot at the nearest one. It missed but the Igenrel decked down and started backtracking away from them. He beard Mrs. Glasbymans and then he saw more of the natives materialize out of the gloom, until finallythey were massed in a rold unyielding cordon around them, perhaps 30 in all, and he knew's twas useless to ofther field or run.

here it was useless to either fight or run.
"Don't move, anybedy," he said, "we've been invited to tea," and then be realized that the Glasbys were certainly not going anyulare.

anyptace. He stood up, made a great show of throwing the rifle to the ground in front of him, then moved swiftly to Mrs. Glashy. When the natives did nothing that would amount to an objection to this action, he grabbed hold of her shoulders: lifted her body up, and supporting it against himself, cut her and supporting it against himself, cut her

down, The Igorots were slowly closing the circle around the three whites. Fisher reasoned that they knew thirt captives could not break through and escape, so they did not mind him cutting the two saarded people down. He walked over to Glasby, and saw that he had thrown up. Streaking his face with yound; when he cut Glasby down, the man moaned softly and slumped to the ground.

They were taken to the Ignoret village, set in a clearing, or more accurately a pair of clearing, as die in the set of clearing, as the property of binoculars. The clearings were joined by a small path, in the larger of the two, at the left at Fisher approached it, were a half dozen bamboo-and-thatch hints, corided in shape, and lit up by a large fire flaming in the center of the village.

The other clearing was smaller and surrounded a large banyan tree. Perhans four feet from the ground the tree forked out in a pair of trunks which spread farther apart as they rose up. The lower branches of the tree had been stripped off so that the trunks rose bare to a bright of 30 feet. About halfway a small platform about four by four feet had been set in between the forked tree trunks. A knotted vine ladder hune down from this, providing access to the platform. It was to this tree that the Igorots conducted their prisoners. As Fisher stood at the bottom, staring up, a curious feeling of awe infected him. The tree, set apart from the rest of the forest, obviously had some symbolic meaning to the Igorots, But he had no time to speculate. A moment later two nr three of the natives were shoving him roughly up the vine ladder. Then a compleof the natives hauled Glasby up after him and thumped him down on the small bit of platform

platform, or Gleaby was coming around. He was still drunk but so he leaned against the bole of one of the trees to which the platform was attached he opened his eyes and stared straight out into the jungle. His face was flat white and a cold sweat, compounded of his hanpower, and his fear, we this yound streaked face. After awhile he spoke. "What's going on?" he said.

o "I don't know," Fisher said. There was little enough room on the platform, but he managed to kneel at the edge and stare at the access below

A group of Igorots, presumably the best part of the village had surrounded the base of the banyan tree. Some carried flaming gumwood branches to supply light. They were naked, except for loincloths, and in the bure black-shadowed light created by the torches, the bare breasts of the women stood out prominently

Two of the women were holding Ann maria Glashy in the center of the circle near the hase of the tree. Like her husband, her face was white, and her eyes closed in fear. From out of the crowd three young men appeared, carrying long poles, some two inches in diameter. Now a rattling music began From the sound. Fisher judged it to be made by dried gourds. The three young men put down the poles, and stepped up to Annamarie, At once they laid their hands on the neck of her blouse, and as if at a signal, toes the sarment from her body and tossed it off onto the ground.

Annamarie screamed and opened her eyes. The three men seemed immune to the sound They continued to strip her, methodically tearing the remains of her clothing off. She did not scream again, but with eyes closed. began to whimper softly. Red welts began to show on her hody where the clothing had snapped against her skin

AT the sound of his wife's screams Tom Glashy sat up straight. "What's happening?" be whispered

"They're stripping her," Fisher said. "Will they rape her?" He did not look at Fisher, but continued to stare off through the

"I don't know." Suddenly the women who had been suporting Annamarie let go of her. She stormhied backwards and fell to the ground, where she sat, head tipped forward, her hands over her face. Now the three young Igorots picked her up roughly and carried her to the hanvan tree. They tied her feet together at the ankles and then set her up in the crotch formed by the forking of the two trunks. The loose ends of the rope hinding her ankles they fastened around the twin trunks, effectively strapping her in the fock so that she was standing parallel to the line of the

tree trunks Glashy was almost soher by now, his face tinged with green with fear and sickness. "What will they do?" he whispered.

Fisher shrugard, "I don't know, Kill us for our heads, more than likely." He himself had the lemon taste of fear in his mouth. Glashy looked around. "We could jump

from here " Fisher shook his head, "Those hove would spear you before you hit the ground." Glasby paused. "Perhaps if one of us

jumped, the other could get away." Go to hell, huddy," Fisher said. "You got us into this; I'm not going to make the sacrifice so you can go home and drink yourself to death in five years."

Glashy said nothing, but looked embarrassed. "I don't blame you," he said. "It was a lousy thought." Glashy sat back on the platform. "They'll

kill her, won't they?" he said dully. Fisher shook his head, and said nothing Below he could hear Annamarie whimpering

And then Glashy kneeled up, bringing his face close to Fisher's. His eyes were bloodshot from drink and his skin was almost waxen yellow, and soaked with sweat. "Fisher, I'm going to jump on them," he said "They'll kill you before you hit the ground."

"I know," he whispered. His law trem-

hled as he spoke. "They'll catch me on their spear points." His eyes were on Fisher's face, but they were unseeing. "There will be a moment when—when the spears are in my body. If you jump right after, you'll have a chance with them. Grab the gun, kill them, and get Annamarie out of there," Pisher was astonished. This act of bravery coming from a drink-sodden playboy was heroad his understanding. "No," he said. "Wait. Maybe we can think of something

Glashy shook his head slowly. "She'll be dead soon. They will bleed her like a pig." And of course Fisher knew he was right. It was the only chance and yet, he could not helieve Glashy would do it. He touched Glashy's arm. "You don't have to do it." he said softly

Glashy just shrugged. "I don't have to. but I'm going to. But promise: I'll give my life for you. You must risk yours for Anna-

"I will," Fisher said.

They shook hands and Glasby crawled to the edge of the platform. His arms were shaking wildly, and his eyes were opening and closing rapidly in fear. He turned to look at Fisher. "My God, I'm frightened to die." he said. He paused and sat up. "You know," he said softly, "I've got a powerful self-destructive streak in me. It accounts for the drinking. You would think I would want

to die. But I don't really " Fisher slipped to the edge of the platform heside him and lay flat. Glashy stuck his head over the edge and shouted; "Hey down three !

The Igorots looked up, raising their spears, and began to curse him. They were about three feet away from a point directly under the platform. Glasby yelled again. They pointed their spears up at him, Glashy closed his eyes. He was kneeling at the edge of the platform. And then he related his body and began to sway forward, as if hinced at the knees. His upper body went out over midair. his arms danriing loose at his sides, his tyes still shut. Just as his knees slipped over the edge he said softly, "Oh God," and jerked his arms across his face in a useless protective noture

And then Fisher jumped. In the air he beard the Igorots grunt as the weight of Glashy's hody slammed down on their spear points. They toppled backwards, Glasby on top of them, the spears thrusting up three feet out of his back. Fisher hit the eround

and sprawled out



The rifle the Igorot had been holding had spun out of his hands. Before Fisher even rose from where he had fallen he had it in his hands. He did not want to fire, for fear of arousing the village. He simply graphed the barrel and drove it as hard as he could into the face of the nearest Igorot, feeling wellpleasure the nose and chin buckle under the

wright of the thrust. Now the other native was struggling to his feet, his spear still sticking out of Glashy's back. He was half rising, jorking a knife from his loincloth, when Fisher's rifle, swang like a basehall bat, caught him at the side of the neck and slammed him sideways to the ground. Fisher dropped the rifle and leant for the knife. With a quick gesture be iammed it into the Igorot's Adam's apple Then turning, still crouched down, he sliced the other Igorot's throat from car to ear, A moment later he had slipped the poles out of the tree trunk and slung Annamarie over his shoulder. And then he ran. He still looks a little astonished when he speaks of how fast he ran through the juncle with the weight of the woman over his back But then he was thinking of nothing but running. He charged down the little trail out of the clearing, his feet pounding on the dirt, the brush and foliage slapping him in the face and arms. Once he stopped to get his hreath for a moment; and then suddenly startled by a noise in the jungle which might have been pursuers, but was probably only the cough of a jungle hog, he ran on again,

N five minutes be reached the car, flung the naked, almost unconscious Annamarie Glashy onto the seat, and making a U-turn in the road, gunned on back the way they had come. He did not stop until he had trached Manila. It was dawn by the time he came into the city, but still he was so full of nerves that he was not sleepy. He took Annamaric Glasby to the San Lazaro Hospital, and then he proceeded down Rizal Avenue to San Maccelino Police Headoungters. Only then, after questioning, did he go

home to sleep. He slept for 24 solid hours. Fred Fisher is now back at work-not much marked by his experience, which he tells sometimes when he's had a good many in some Manils har. He cooperated, of course, with the Philippine Constabulary in searching for the Igorots; but of course when the Constabs reached the village, the natives were gone. And a week later, two local Narse Virceys girls were found decapitated on a mountain trail some 20 miles to the north.

Annamarie Glashy came back in the United States two weeks after the incident. She was quite changed, dressed rather sedately and spoke of the incident softly and with much reluctance. She bought a small home in the suburhs of Houston and lived them quietly until two years ago, when she died in a head-on car collision on Route 40 outnide of St. Louis. At her death, she was making her annual pilgrimage to the Glashy family plot in Forceman, New Jersey, where she had had this tombstone erected: THOMAS H. GLASBY

1921-1954 ERECTED BY HIS LOVING WIFE IN MEMORY OF THE BRAVEST

MAN SHE KNEW At this writing, a campaign for the herakup of the Igorot tribes is in progress, but it is not given much chance for success. •••

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#### THE HUNT FOR MARTIN BORMANN

continued from page 14

mous Dachau punishment camp. One summer day in 1943, Bormann awoushed up in an armored, black Mercedes-Benz car nearly a half block long. He was dressed in riding breeches, his usual getup, and in his right hand he clutched a riding crop.

For the amusement of visitors like Bormann, the commander of the camp had a regular Cook's tour worked out. He first would give his guests a glimpse of prisoners in buge halls marked "Showers," Then he would take them to the furnaces where the bodies were burned. The tour would be rounded out with a look at the lnot, the harrels filled with gold fillings pulled from the victims' teeth, the cartons of women's

As a final treat, just for laughs, the touring big shot would meet some future customers for the ovens.

THE prisoners exhibited in this horror circus were always the same and Ayre was

"It kept us out of the ovens for a while," Ayre went on "But Bormann's visit seemed to ring down the curtain, for me at least. After the commandant had introduced me, Bormann pointed his riding whip at me and said, 'Don't forget to put this filthy pig on the train," Two days later, a nearly endless row of cattle cars rumbled on a special track into

camp. Ayre was one of several thousand prisoners who were jammed and locked into the cars. The prisoners became hysterical almost

at once. The floor of each car was covcred with a white powder. "That's to make things more sanitary," grinning guard had explained.

The powder was lye, Drawing moisture from the perspiring bodies and the air, the lye became slithery and started to fume. As the train sped across Germany, the lye ate through the prisoners' shors, peeled the flesh off their hones and burned their lungs. . The train of agony kept going nonstop toward the east. It was shunted in great haste around major stations, so the screams of the tortured would not be heard, Finally, it halted at an unused piece of track somewhere in Poland and was left standing for several days, till the silence of death

had settled over the train, "When the doors were opened," Ayre went on, "the bodies were in layers, the way they had fallen. Those at the bottom were jelly. Among the ones on top of the pile there were a few survivors. Some played dead and escaped a bullet in the neck. I didn't have to play dead, I was as

good as dead. "When I came to, lumps of dirt were dropping on my head. I was being bursed in a ditch with hundreds of corpses. It was pitch-black. No, it wasn't just my eyesthey hurt, but I could still make out the torchlights of the diggers. When they stopped and lined up for their ration of rum, I

crawled out of the ditch." "The train was Bormann's idea?" "Probably, since he mentioned it. At any rate, as a government official he was re-

sponsible. The night I climbed half-blind out of that corpse-filled grave I swore Bormann would pay for his crimes, But I never would have thought that I, personally, would be hunting for him." "But didn't the West German govern-

ment declare him dead in 1955?" "Do they have his body?" Ayre exploded. "Where is he buried? Can they tell me how he died? They know nothing. There is only a single lying Nazi witness who claims to have seen Bormann dead, lying

in the rubble of Berlin. Bormann is alive. We have proof he is. And after many years of searching and talking to thousands of people, we finally know where to look for him. I'm not permitted to say more." Abruptly, Avre took leave and disappeared in the Times Square crowd, off on his mysterious hunt

As hunters go, he is a lucky one. He was one of the members of that small band of Israeli avengers who tracked down Eichmann, Like Bormann, Eichmann was supposed to have been dead. But there the similarity stops. Eichmann was just a bined-dripping punk. Bormann, on the other hand, had been clad in the purple and pomp of power. Acting head of state at the time of Germany's collapse, he had been named Hitler's sole heir and the reigning emperor of Nazijem

Bormann mysteriously disappeared from the burning city of Berlin in May 1, 1945, carrying in his pocket Hitler's last political

testament, a message addressed to Nazis and Fascista everywhere "It's a message of hate," a friend of Ayre's told me, "It keeps ticking away like a time bomb. Waving Hitler's last testament, Bor-

mann could become just the symbol for the Nazis to rally around. That's one of the reasons we have to get him." When Bormann received this document from Hitler, the end of the Nazi empire had come. Just as a formality, Hitler decided to

marry blonde-haired Eva Braun, his "sweetheart" of many years. For this occasion, Bormann acted as best man. After the wording, he put on a quiet celebration for the couple in the deep, cement-shelled hunker which became Hitler's home when Allied bombs began to level Berlin. Bride and groom seemed bewildered and lost, Hitler talked nostalgically about the old days, while the bride stared blankly at the bunker wall. Only Bormann seemed to be both aware of the reality of the moment and espahle of acting upon it.

After the wedding, the "best man" ordered

50 gallons of gasoline for Hitler's funeral pyre. If he had been an undertaker all his life, instead of a man who made cornses. Bormann couldn't have operated with greater tact and discretion. When Hitler indicated that the time had come, Bormann graciously shut the door on the couple so that the mustachioed madman could shoot himself and his adoring wife could follow into oblivion by taking poison.

Waiting outside the door to Hitler's room, Bormann read, sipped some brandy, walked stiffly up and down the confined space, always, however, keeping a careful eye on his watch. When 30 minutes had passed, he set down his brandy glass and went inside to have a look. Everything had gone according to the plan which had been agreed on. Mr. and Mrs. Germany were both dead, Hitler with his brains spread over a pillow, whitefleshed Eva tumbled next to him, her dress pulled up to expose her sugging white thighs. For Bormann, there were the last details

to be carried out. He wrapped Eva in a blanket and lugged her outside where he handed her to one of the Puchrer's bunker guards. Then he instructed another guard to carry out Hitler and to dispuse of both bodies by pouring the gasoline over them and setting them afire. In the bright orange and green blaze, they cooked as thoroughly as any victim of the Reich's efficient in-

So the wheel had come a full turn. Hitler was nothing again, as he had been before he catapulted himself onto his mad throne, And still alive to watch the Fuehrer turn to ashes was his most trusted disciple, Martin Bor-

Who was this mouster man who drank brandy while his "adored" leader shot his head off? Certainly, if this was a crime, it was the least of Bormann's. His career as a mass-murderer started on a cold night in 1919, when he was barely 16. Dressed in a torn overcoat, he stood before a harred basement door in a small German town and tapped out a code message with his knuckles on the freezing wood "Come in," a contralto voice called from

inside the door. At the same instant, the door swung open and the room's occupant stood revealed. He was Captain Gerhard Rossbach, a homosexual and leader of one of the more powerful and efficient of the hundreds of gangs which were tearing up Germany Rossbach's was called the Freihorts (free

corps). It was a clandestine, semi-military outfit of "patriotic" toughs, supposedly rehelling against the depressed conditions which had afflicted Germany as a result of her defeat in WWI and the tough terms imposed on her by the Versailles peace treaty. Mainly though, the gang members were simply hoodlums at loose ends looking for kicks and rash

AT the same time as these military groups sprang up, Hitler was organizing his National Social'st Party, later to be called the Navi party (from the German pronunciation of the word "national"), but it was not until a couple of years later that Bormann's path was to cross that of the Fuchrer. In 1919. in fact, as Bormann stood in the doorway, shivering with cold, he had not even heard of the Austrian housepainters

"Come in," Rossback said, dressed as always in tight-fitting riding breeches. As the tall, blonde-haired Bormann brushed past him, Rossbach gave him a hungry, learing look. Apparently, he liked what he saw. "You'll do," he said

Bormann was in-except for the formalities, which followed immediately. One of Rossbach's aides, invoking all the bearded Germanic gods, stepped up and swore Bormann in. Then in a quick stroke he slashed Bormann's right cheek with a razor, dipped a pen in the dripping blood and made Bormann sign "this pact with the devil." The mixture of gore and mumbo-jumbo was right after Bormann's heart.

So was the job he was assigned to. With





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a bunch of goons, he would wait at factory gates and attack workers with clubs, rocks and broken bottles. Working men were considered the firmest support of the budding German republic, which the free corps men

were sworn to destray. Bormann made a hard-working, dedicated

slugger. As he was also one of the captain's pets, he had no trouble advancing quickly in the ranks. Soon he was dressed up in a uniform adorned with Rossbuch's family crest and he was allowed to go on the gang's night-riding forays. Free corps men were forced to live off the land and the loot they took was their reward. They ripped into any prospéreus farm or village and just helped themselves to goods, cash and women in the name of fervent German patriotism. In a letter to his buddy Von Epp, later General Epp, Bormann described what a

great life it was: "If I were to tell you everything you probably would think I was a liar. It's excitement all the way. We grab what we want. If a chump as much as looks sideways, he first gets the rifle butt and then is finished off with a bullet. Why, we even shoot the wounded. No pardon is ever given, and that includes the girls

"First we take them, then we brain them. When we're through with a place, we put the torch to it. We often have trouble with the trucks breaking down under the mountains of loot we cart off.

By attracting every robber, killer and sadist, the free corps movement kept growing and Bormann found bimself in numerous company. At the same time, Hitler's own party, also dedicated to smashing the Republic, was experiencing a parallel growth. But it would be a few year's before the Nazis would become big enough to swallow all others and become the vehicle for remaking Germany in its own demented image. Meanwhile, Bormann and the rest of the free corps boys went on spreading terror to all parts of the country. By 1923, there were some 80-odd free corps outfits on the march, each numbering between 1500 to 2500 men, and gutted houses were a common sight everywhere in Germany.

Like any self-respecting blackguard, Bormson had to have one spectacular murder to his credit. A golden opportunity soon presented itself. Walter Kadow, the treasurer of the Rossbach corps, was spending too much time in expensive brothels, bought too many fine silk handkerchiefs and similar dodads. Kadow's final mis-step came when he was unwise enough to show off to his huddies his second-hand convertible complete with all four wheels

Bormann made such a noise about it that Kadow was called before the gang's secret tribunal sitting in an abandoned wine cellar. "Apply the thumbscrews," the judge called to bis aides.

By the time Kadow's fingers were squashed to a pulp he admitted stealing more money than there had ever been in the treasury. That convinced the tribunal somebow that Kndow was telling the truth after all and an acquittal followed.

The only one who was deeply disturbed by the lenient verdict was Martin Bormann Though why is a mystery, since he was the only other member of the outfit to have treated himself to a vehicle with four wheels and an engine that occasionally ran. "If the court doesn't think he is a thief, I

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do," he ranted. "Kadow must die." And die he did. One evening, as he leaned

over a wash basin in his apartment, a shot from a Mauser pistol took half of his soapy face off. "I punished the thief," Bormann an-

nounced smugly. "The honor of the Rossbach free corps demanded is." With a killing behind his belt he became

a feared hig shot, Acided with respect by his fellow corpsmen. But this was 1923, not 1919. The temper

of the world outside the freebooters' outfits had changed. Not much, but enough so that one morning a heavy fist drummed on the door of Bormann's furnished room,

"Open up-polisei." He was arrested and taken to court, not for his freebooter's activities but for the murder of fellow bood Walter Kadow, Sentence: 12 months, not a large price to pay. Prison was no hardship. If he felt like having a girl, be only had to say whether he wanted a fat blonde or a skinny brunette.

#### Coming In January Men: THE STRANGE GIRLS IN THE LAST GREAT BAWDY HOUSE

Wild, weird, wacky dolls, they figured their profession was as much of a calling as medicine or the pulpit. They took on all comere for a price and if a man got mean or drunk, they had their own special way of dealing with him. When you read about their incredible exploits, you'll thoregive earl could do worse than wish for the good old days-RIP-ROARING ENTERTAINMENT IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF MEN

Food came from a restaurant in town. Company was congenial.

Most fellow prisoners were followers of the hysterically bellowing demagogue named Hitler. Holding forth in a beerhall at Munich, Adolf had incited his Nazi crew to vicious street riots in which hundreds of people were maimed or killed. The Rossbach free corps had operated in parts of the country where the gospel of "Nazisen" hadn't yet penetrated. This was Bormann's first chance

to find out about it. His chief preachment was "Exterminate Jews, gypsies and Christian preachers," And. revealing the scope of his amhitions, "Germany today, the world tomorrow-Aryans and Nazis of all nations, unite!"

Bormann lapped it up. Not that the free corps hadn't subscribed to such ideas but the tone was fresh and bold and fanatical. He joined the party.

When his year was up and he breathed free air again he found that the Nazi fortunes had suddenly dipped very low. The police had hauled off Hitler himself. For inciting those beerhall riots, he was handed a five-year term. Though he served only a littie more than eight months, his grand strategy plans were upset for the time being.

Bormann, too, was at loose ends. One night, lounging in one of the Nazi hangouts, he watched two stormtroopers

brought in, dripping blood. They had been manhandled by bystanders when they attacked a news dealer selling an anti-Nazi paper. Seeing the boys with their pulpy noses and dislocated jaws wrenched Bormann's heart and gave him a bright idea

He took the brainstorm to Adolf Hitler in person. He pleaded that something should be done for the men who risk injury if not death in the daily street battles.

"We ought to have an aid fund to take care of those valiant fighters or their families in case anything happens to them," Bormann cried Hitler was carried away with emotion-he

was a sobsister at heart. Forcefully he pumped Bormann's hand to show his appreciation. "Yes, yes," he said. "We ought to have an aid fund, and maybe a pension fund. But how do we get the money?" Bormann lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "Easy. Just like in the good old

free corps days. We just asked for a thing and if we didn't get it we took it. There are plenty of industrialists and other rich people who are eager to finance us, just to be in our good spaces Hitler pumped Bormann's hand some

more. The job was his. And what a job it turned out to he! Nearly every hit of blood money he or his underlings collected was extortion money. To take a cut was only natural. The big shots, too, got their share for keeping both eyes shut. And as the whole business wouldn't have stood an official investigation, hardly any broks were kept. The system was foolproof. Bormann soon bought the first of his many black, lone Mercedes-Benz cars.

As time went by it turned out that things in Germany were not really settling down. In January, 1933, Adolf Hitler grabbed the government amidst a weiter of doublecrosses, fraud, blood, war whoops, smashed shops, cracked skulls, threats, all-around chaos and just plain insanity.

A new job soon loomed up for Bormann. Like the ratpack they were, the Nazis had split up in groups plotting each other's murder. The most powerful of the feuding gangs were the homosexuals, grouped around potbeilied, loudmouthed Captain Ernst Rochm.

At a banquet Rochm announced to thunderons applause: "The homosexuals are the best among the young men because they are the most valiant. That destines them to rule the coun-

try P Nazis who still liked their women and their girls ran scared, and that included Hitler bimself. One day Bormann, in his quiet, discreet

way, drew the Fuchrer into a heart-to-heart talk "It's Rochm or the rest of us," Bormann

started. "He plans to overthrow the government," Bormann spread before Hitler duplicates

of secret instructions Roehm had sent to his henchmen and fellow "dear boys" in various parts of the country. On a certain day, they were to strike a synchronized blow, murder leaders loyal to Hitler, occupy the radio stations and broadcast an announcement that they were taking over the government Hitler, the story goes, turned white. Most of the plotters were old friends, like Rochm,

who now were shamefully betraying him But there was worse. Rocken was the founder and commander of the SS and SA.



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Courses of no additional cost. No pastage, no customs, n delay. Send coupon to: RCA Victor Company, 1std., 556 Royalmount Ave., Montreal 9, Quebec the Nazi shock and elite troops, and they were loyal to bim. In a crisis, they would probably take orders from Rochm, not Hitler.

Bormann, once more, came up with an answer. The way to proceed was to get Rochm and his chief supporters before he got a chance to stage his uprising.

Hitler appreciated Rormann's calm and seeming good sense.

"You work this out," he said. "Then get in touch with me ! Bormann spent the next few months labor-

ing over the blueprints for what would become known as the "night of the long knives." He made up a minimum list of 1800 to be shot, knifed, strangled on the spot, and a second list of \$200 to be sent to concentration camps. Rochm was among the first, Bormann's old protector Capt. Rossbach among the second. D-day was June 30,

1934. The week prior to the big event Bormann was quietly buried in other innocent naper work, Hitler, on the other hand, scurried from city to city, tearfully embracine traitorous old friends soon to be humped off. D-day saw him retrace his steps, this time pistol in band, screaming insults and accusations, personally making arrests, shouting "Fire!" to execution squads and trying to be in five bloodstained places at once. The anti-

Roehm action was a rousing hit "I will never forget what you did for me." be told Bormann, "Never, never." Bormann was beginning to appear at Hit-

ler's side at public gatherings. Photographers were warned to watch out, Bormann didn't mind whose picture they took as lone as it wasn't his. He cared for power but not its trappings. He bated publicity. Possibly that old bunch was astir in him that someday he may have to take it on the run.

As Bormann kept growing in importance, Rudolf Hess, whose deputy he was, kept slipping. In 1939, when Hitler unleashed the most fearsome of all wars. Hess had sunk to addressing ladies' coffee gatherings.

S TILL, as long as Hess was alive, Bormann's advance was stymied. Wasn't there a way to get rid of him? Bormann played on his neurotic unhappiness shout having turned out to be such a dud. Drop by drop be instilled subtle poison into his boss' cars. To recoup his position and self-confidence, Bormann needled, he would have to do something dramatic and spectacular, something which would instantly focus the world's attention upon bim. Hess loved to fly-why not fly to England? True, the countries were at war by then, but he would

"And what's the message?" Hess demanded to know.

bring a me-sage England might welcome. "If they sack Churchill and get a Nazi type government we won't have to wipe them off the face of the earth," That sounded clear and logical to Hess.

One day he took off in his plane. Welcomed by English pessants armed with pitchforks, be landed in jail for the duration. The one and only obstacle to Bormann's further career was removed. Stepping into Hess' shoes, he was named Hitler's deputy. chief of the Nazi party, with the rank of general-lust about the most important man in the government. As a sign of his new power, he was permitted to huild bimself a lair in the Bavarian mountains where Hitler

and a few other chosen bad their private

One of the features of that big shot haven was that the houses, though miles apart from each other, were connected by secret underground passages. As soon as Bormann joined the network, Goering plugged the passage which connected his own with Bormann's place and laid in an arsenal, So did Bormann, But they were good friends still

Now that Hess was out of the way, Bormann was prepared to tackle the rest of the crowd. It was like taking on a zooful of tigers armed with a stick. Bormann did it in his own quiet, indirect

way, little by little isolating Hitler from the old "fellow fighters," then from the generals and finally from everybody, Bermann Hitler once said, "Only Rormann can pre-

sent a matter to me in five minutes in such a way that I can make an immediate decision. Any of my other ministers would take four bours." Bormann did the trick with mirrors. He

oversimplified facts, held back unfavorable war reports and disguised the extent of the damage done by Allied air raids. Hitler could always count on his "faithful Bormana" to make him happy. Hitler still dreamed of victory when be

was long licked. Bormann simply badn't told him that the last ammunition factory had been blown up by American planes By April 1945, Hitler was holed up in the deep underground bunker beneath his pompous marble chancellery, Hitler didn't know

the chancellery was now in ruins. Bormann hadn't told him. Hitler was counting with fanatic's faith on an army commanded by General Wenck to throw the Russians back from the gates of Berlin, But there was no army and Wenck was dead, killed in an air raid. Bormonn didn't tell bim this, either.

The bunker was a scene of wild hysteria. futile rushings back and forth, Meanwhile the guards upstairs were putting on a drunken over with a roomful of naked women, celebrating the coming of the peace in their own mad way. What was Bormann doing? He was in his

own bunker quarters methodically recording for posterity everything that was being said and done. After a day of further waiting he finally told Hitler that Berlin was completely surrounded. Unless be wanted to be exhibited in a Russian freak show, he had better die by his own hand and have his corpse destroyed to keep it from being kicked and snat at like Mussolini's

were out whooping it up last night.

Ощемо

Since "faithful Bormann" said so, Hitler accepted the fact that he had to go and be did the job more efficiently, with Bormann's aid, than most other things he tried, y Bormano, too, decided that it was time to disappear. The air was thick with Allied bullets. Besides, Hitler had designated him as his successor, keeper of the boly grail of Nazidom. Bormann put a copy of Hitler's last will in his pocket and went on his way. Several other bunker holdouts joined him on his trek out of the flaming city. One of these was Hitler's former valet, Heinz Linge,

Linge later said Bormann had climbed into a German tank, which exploded a few minutes later, "Bormann was killed," Linge said, "I saw it with my own eyes." Hitler's manservant was a liar. He had seco nothing. He had been blinded by the

tank explosion, and did not regain bis evesight until several weeks later. OTHER witnesses say Bormann never got into a tank, but walked a stretch of subway

tunnel, finally reaching a safe part of the city. A former German army major, Joachim Tiburtius, joined Bormann for part of the

"He had as good a chance to make an escape as I did," Tiburtius told this writer a few years ago in Switzerland. There is one dissenting voice, Arthur Axmann, the violent, vitriolic leader of the Nari Youth movement, told American army interrogators that late on that night of May I

he had accidentally come upon two bodies on a rubble-strewn street. One of them, he says, was Bermann's But asked whether he saw blood or injuries, he reported that neither of the two seemed hurt. If he saw them at all they probably bad been resting. He admits the surroundings bad been perfectly peaceful at the time. So the story of Axmann isn't really ac-

ceptable either Is Bormann dead or alive? At the Nurenberg War Crimes trials

Schwerin-Krosigk, a minister in Hitler's last government, said of Bormann, "That man is what I would call 'the surviving type.' " H. R. Trevor Roper, the British intelligence officer who for years probed the mystery of Bormann's disappearance says, "People don't just evaporate, even in the midst of a catastrophe."

Did the Soviets get Bormann? Maybe, But if they did be planned it that way, According to Schwerin-Krosick, "faithful Bormann" had secretly sold out to the Russians two years before the end. Top-ranking Nazis who returned from Soviet captivity in 1955, told that Bormann was working for the Sovieta in communist East Germany, running intelligence errands for the Kremlin in the Arab countries where his Nazi background would make him highly popular.

According to other versions he is actually living in Egypt and Kuwsit, acting as an advisor to the governments of those coun-

tries The news of Eichmann's capture may have made him think of the bad old hunker days Only this time be is all bottled up with only two choices left. One is to do as Hitler did The other, if Ayre and his friends bave their way, is to wait till be becomes an exhibit in a freak show, one which would be abruptly

noose around his builneck.

terminated by the sudden tightening of a ...



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#### KILL RUSSIA'S NUMBER TWO MAN

continued from page 25

down and cut away a portion of the dirtmatted hair covering the top of the head. He took it outside and standing in the downpour washed the hair in one of the puddles that had formed. He inspected the result in the light of an electric torch.

The hair was red. The police chief knew the identity of the man lying in that concealed grave. He was Robert Sheldon Harte, who had disappeared some time before from one of the most curious domestic establishments in Mexico, the fortress home of Leon Trotsky, the man

whose death was planned by the agents of the Russian G.P.U. TROTSKY, Lenin's partner in the incredibly successful experiment of revolt against the Romanovs in the middle of a disastrous war, had lived long enough to learn that no man is indispensable to his fellows, and that very often men of action and prominence be-

come liabilities to those who advance in their footsteps. With the death of Lenin, the opportunist Stalin took over, and prepared to break down, piece by piece. Trotsky's rank and standing with the vast majority of Russians. The drama of the feud between the two men had lasted for years. The first act finished with a challenge in 1923, the second when Trotsky was arrested in 1929 and banished to Turkestan. The last act had begun with Trotsky an exile and a fugitive, chased by G.P.U. agents across Europe. Finally the man most hated by Stalin arrived in Mexico. was given refuge and guarded. But the last act of the world-wide drama was reaching towards a new climax.

The G.P.U. had made an attempt to assassinate Trotsky.

The Americano with red hair lying in some lime tossed under a kitchen's earthen floor in a country district had been involved. Tust how deeply the Mexican police were not sure. They believed that Robert Sheldon Harte. the man who had posed as Trotsky's friend, had been one of the G.P.U.'s international agents. They believed be had allowed the assassins entry

Afterwards Trotsky would not agree Sheldon Harte had vanished after the shooting. but Trotsky believed the man he had called

friend had been kidnapped. It is just possible both Trotsky and the Mexican police, believing differently, were

both right. Trotsky was living in Coyoacán, neu Mexico City. He had a villa that was built around a courtvard in the Spanish manner. and in the courtvard he kent his tame rabbits. of which he was very fund.

Trotsky devoted his days to writing a critical life of the man who had ousted him from power after Lenin's demise. He had his followers. The old intellectual still could anpeal to like thinkers, and he could continue to give their world-scattered energies direc-

So the ukase went out from the Kremlin Leon Trotsky must be assassinated. He must no longer exist to embarrasa the Kremlin

men and their steel-fisted leader. Trotsky, thousands of miles across the world, was a burning-glass bright with the

rays of a sun that had set. His light and his fire had to be quenched. Trotsky had to become a memory.

So the far-flung agents of the G.P.U. went to work. Expense was no object, nor was distance or time. Nothing was allowed to be an object in the path of assassination. The Trotsky household in Coyoacán was

unique in many ways. There the exile lived surrounded by a specially picked bodyguard of adherents. The doors giving on to the tree-shaded courtyard were guarded. Shutters encased the windows after dark, Masons had lifted the level of the already tall surrounding wall. At the corners, which had clear view of the approaches to the villa, turrets had been crected. In the turrets were machineguns. Day and night the guards were on duty. Trotsky knew the Oriental mind of the steel ruler in the Kremlin, the thought

processes that worked in it. He had to make a show of strength. Secretly he hoped it would be enough Also secretly he feared it would not be In the villa with the armed turrets he lived with his devoted wife Natacha, known to the world as Nathalie Sedova. He had a secretary. His servants were screened by the armed members of the Fourth International who were his permanent bodyguard and made up his Court. The majority of them were Americans. He had picked them personally from the many who had volunteered to serve the old master in the days of his declining fortunes. Those he had taken into his home were believed to be incorruptible. Indeed, Leon Trotsky the cynic had to believe that.

N May 1940 the grey hordes of Adolf Hitler hurled themselves across Europe in the first remarkable demonstration of Blitskrieg. Men sat up very late in the Kremlin. So many possibilities had to be considered. One concerned Leon Trotsky. With the world about to cropt in total violence. Trotsky was The G.P.U. must hurry up its plans for assassination.

Any other belief would have made living in-

tolerable,

More secret orders sped across the world In that same month Trotsky was entertaining a French couple named Rosmer, Alfred and Marguerite Rosmer had come from France with Trotsky's grandson Sievas, who had been at school in Paris. On May 28th they were to sail for France from Vera Cruz With the war in Europe getting hot they were anxious to be home. It was ornerally understood that Nathalie Sedova would go with them by car to Vera Cruz, A friend named Frank Jacson, who claimed to be a Belgian, but who had paid \$3500 for a bogus Canadian passport, offered to drive them.

However, a few days before the Rosmers were to set sail for home the GP.U. underground agents in Mexico City were elected On a night of little moon they made their bid to carry out the Kremlin's anders It was between 3:00 and 4:00 a.m. in the

morning of May 24th that about 30 men in the uniforms of members of the Mexican police, under the direction of a leader dressed as a Mexican colonel, arrived outside the Trotsky villa. The leader was a Mexican Communist painter named David Alfaro Siqueiros. He was not a particularly good painter, but he was a thorough-going Communist, disciplined to take orders from above without questioning them. He and another painter, Antonio Pujol, dressed as a lieutenant, had arranged for the uniforms and the men to fill them.

Much more important, however, Sinusiros had arranged for the main gate in Trotsky's courtyard wall to be open. His orders to his men were simple. Overcome the must without a shot being fired. Then he would direct further operations. Each of the assassins was given an envelope containing 250

Moscow never doubted that Marriet dialectic was all the stronger when reinforced with capitalist money.

The guards were surprised and easily overcome by the masquerading policemen. Most of the guards were trussed up and left lying in uncomfortable positions in a shed. Robert Sheldon Harte was forced outside at nistel point and taken to one of the cars that had brought the assassins. When Sheldon Harte had been removed the invaders set up a machinerun in the courtward

"All right, let them have it," said Siquetros Steel-lacketed bullets tore hideously through the quiet of the dreaming courtyard. they ripped into the less-protected sides of the villa facing the dark shapes of the trees. They smashed windows, spanged against doors, wrecked furniture, perforated interior walls.

Trotsky and his wife saved their lives by rolling out of bed as the bullets shredded the space above their pillows. They remained prone under the window, while the noise of the chattering machinegun continued and plaster flaked over their grey heads and thinly clad hodies. They heard footsteps running. Doors slammed. Their grandson in the next room cried out in pain. The ordeal did not last more than a few

minutes, for the well-paid assassins were taking a big risk in making such a wholesale shooting. Suddenly the courtyard was quiet. Car engines started up, and headlights winked at the sky and vanished and the white of tires faded The Trotskys ran into the next room. Little

Sievas had been wounded in a foot by a ricocheting bullet. He was biting his mouth and staring at the bright blood Just possibly Leon Trotaky felt a lump in

his throat as he stroked his greying beard and watched his wife bending over the injured foot, for the scene might have re-minded him of bullets tearing into young flesh at Ekaterinburg Sheldon Harte was not seen again until

the police found his lime-choked length in the kitchen pit outside Santa Ross. The Mexican police had searched the country for him. They had covered the poets of Vera Cruz, Tampico, Puerto Mexico, Progreso, Frontera, Manzanillo, Mazatlan, and Guaymas. They had bottled up the frontier at Ciudad Juarez, Nogales, Loredo, Matamoros, and Piedras Nervas In the tall Americano's room in Trotsky's

villa they found a key, which they traced to the door of a room number 37 at the Hotel Europa in Mexico City. They had also found in that room a small suitcase with a Moscow stamp and a bottle of beer. They did not trouble much with the beer.

But they discovered that on May 21st Sheldon Harte had spent the night in Room 37 with a lady of the easiest virtue but of considerable price. They soon had her down at police headquarters, where she lost her grande dome manner and became scared for ber painted skin She told the police that on the night of the

21st the Americano was drunk, but he had wache dinero in his pockets. He had not been very talkative. But it looked as though Sheldon Harte had been paid cash in advance for services to be

rendered, and had been in a hurry to sample temporary oblivion. He still had three days to live out under the roof of the man who loved tame rabbits

The polire found that the American had arrived in Mexico by air on April 7th. He had come with a strong recommendation from friends of Trotsky's in New York to play guard in Trotsky's hacienda Trotsky would not believe that the Ameri-

can, a relatively recent importation, could be a G.P.U. agent, After the Mexican secret police had found a lead to the house outside Santa Rosa they had no doubts on that score. Sheldon Harte had been planted, and then cynically humped off to ensure his continued ailence

Four days after the abortive attempt to remove Leon Trotsky from the world scene the spectacled ex-terrorist came face to face with the new-style terrorist who was to succeed in assassinating him.

FRANK Jacson arrived to take the Rosmers to Vera Cruz. He was invited into the villa for a cup of Mrs. Trotsky's excellent roffee. The willing chauffeur was a smiling man with a ready tongue and an easy manner. He made a good impression on Trotsky. He was a man of many names and claims. But that was no reason for suspicion in the Trotsky villa. Most visitors to that strange bousehold had a past. But not many had a past like Frank Jacson's.

Not many were to have a future like his. It had been determined by the G.P.U., which had selected him to succeed where Siqueiros had failed. Jacson was the second string. He was to go in without machineguns and heavy stuff. He was to get close enough to Trotsky to do a real old-time assassin's joh. His background made him just about per-

fect for the part. His mother, a familical Catalonian Communist named Caridad Mercader, had been a G.P.U. agent as far back as 1928 in Paris, where she organized a special cell that was eventually to operate

under diplomatic immunity. When civil war came to Spain her third child, Mornard (alias Jacson), joined the Catalan Red Militis. He became more distinguished for his exploits in the arms of feminine comrades than with arms that would destroy Moors. But he was acquiescent and knew how to stop his tongue from wagging when it was to his interest. The G.P.U. chiefs decided that the son of his mother could be of use to them. He was taken from a safe hillet near the front line, where most incredibly he had received a wound in his right forearm, and his schooling for a very different grade of work began He was sent to Paris and later to Brus-

sels. He took on a new personality. He became Jacques Mornard Vandendreschd, born of alleged Belgian parents in Persia in the year 1904. In 1938 he was back in Paris.

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There he met Spivia Agrioff. She was on heliday from New York alter beving thrown the property of the property of the property of the by the city's Releasion Board. She was 27 and impressionable. Certainly the was impressed by the student Jacones Morrard who claimed to be preparing at the Softonean Contraction of the property of the property of the claimed to be preparing at the Softonean Contraction of the property of the property of the showed ber Gay Pezer, from the ringule claim of a Montparansee that was beginning to with to the Enfill Tower. For a student Jacques bad phetay of funds, which made the property of the property of the property of the classes, most of whom were caracine in was

Sykin was a marked woman before the arrived in Patis, For a year one of the silaters had been personal secretary to Leon Trotsity and Sykin sus known to have many pereronal personal secretary to Leon Trotsylvas was coming to the end of her stancial resources when her new-found student friend came to the reace with a qualitdeat friend came to the reace with a qualittic personal secretary of the secretary of the best personal secretary of the secretary of the best had been depolare to someone in a firm be called Argus about her, and this firm was prepared to pay her a study 500 frames a

chology.

Sylvia was delighted. She went to work at once, wrote a string of articles, received payments, but when she incapiend where the articles would appear, and when, she was told not to worry herealf show the disable publishers were queer people. They often lept articles for a long time until they had enough material for a book.

However, none of her articles were even

set up by a compositor.

Monard had to interrupt his studies to go to Brussels, where his mother was ill. When Sylvia went to the Belgian capital to surprise him he was not at the address she had been given. When he returned to Paris he said he had been in Emeland.

A short while afterwards he told Stylvia he had been made New York correspondent for an important Belgian newspaper. She was returning to New York. He would arrive shortly after ber. But it took him seven months. He did not land in New York until September 1939, with Europe at war. But he was no longer a journalist. He was a technician employed by a European broker of Mexican raw materials. He also bad that

intriguing Canadian possport.

Sylvia Apolo must have wondered at the changes such a short while could produce, that she was a woman who could control her feminine curiosity. The new Frank Jacon went to Mexico a month after arriving in New York. She received word that it was a lonely place for a man interested in raw materials. He would like her to join him.

At that time Sylvia was working for the

materials. He would like her to join him.

At that time Sphvin was working for the
Brooklyn Welfare Department. She requested
leave of absence, spent Christmas at home,
and flow down to McGoto in January 1960
for a stay of three mouths, to belp Frank
Lation concurse his lonelines.

Naturally she went to see her sister, Trotaky's secretary. She was introduced to friends of her sister. In turn she introduced Frank Jacon to the new acquaintances she had made. These included Aifred and Marquerite Rostner, unswerving Trotskytle militants of the hreed feared as far away as the guarded doors of the Kremlio.

To the Rosmers Frank Jacson was a helpful and obliging man of enlightened views. He told them not to worry about the missing Sheldon Harte. "He'll turn up some time." He seemed sure

of it.

Meantime he agreed to drive them to Vera Cruz, for his work with raw materials necessitated the running of a car, and they invited him to pick them up on the morning of May 26th.

So a cycle of major and minor events was completed, and across a table with steaming coffee cups victim and assassin smiled at each other, and only one of them apperciated the irony of those first minutes of greeting.

Frank Jacson was a most interested and sympathetic listener. He patted the braid of the good-looking boy of 12 who was Trotsky's grandson, commiserated over his bandaged left foot, listened attentively to what Nathalie Sedova was saying, and managed never to miss anything spoken by her

The coffee-cups were drained, and it was time for leaving with the Roomers and Nathalfa Sodova, When the new friend returned from Vera Crue he was established as persons grate at the Coroxyin ville, where double reinforced itself doors, vicetrically controlled, were being installed. Fresh stee abutters were erected over the windows of the Trotsky's bring quarters. These too were

No gang of assassins would be able to repeat the bungled attempt made by a group of agents led by two artists who thought themselves men of blood. Even the ceilings and floors were reconstructed. This time they

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were made proof against erenades and thermal bombs. Great coils of barbed wire were delivered by lorries

Leon Trotsky watched the improvements to ensure his continuing safety with a isundiced eve

"Fate has granted me a reprieve," he observed. "It will be of but short duration." In August Sylvia Ageloff returned for an other vacation in Mexico and was surprised at the change she found in her friend Jacon His face was lined, he was nervous, and he

hebayed like a man undersoing severe paychological strain and finding no relief. When she questioned him he tried to buth off her fears for his health "I'm all right," he insisted "Summer has and perhaps too much work. It's nothing

He went with her on the 10th to take tea with the Trotskys. It was a typical Trotsky tea party. The tea was weak, the talk strong. Jacson sided with the old revolutionary war-horse. Sylvia ranged herself with the friendly opposition. Tea ended with Jacson volunteering to prepare an article slong the lines on which he and Trotsky had agreed.

"I'll have it ready in about a week," he When he turned up with the deafted article Trotsky read it, and was not impressed at this considered display of what was supposed to be journalistic talent that had been recognized in the Scehonne. But Trotsky was too polite to be witheringly destructive.

"Muddled stuff," he told his wife retemptuously when they were alone. "But I'm reading the finished thing next Thursday "

That Thursday was the 20th. Jacson arrived about 5:30 P.M., and while crossing the courtyard looked up at three of Trotsky's friends who were on the roof fixing and wiring an alarm siren. The guard at the gate was a busky American, Harold Rohins. He nodded at Jacson, let him in, and

walked with him to where Trotsky was feeding his tame robbits Jacson was sweating under his hat and carried a lightweight coat on his arm. His paller was noticeable to Nathalie Sedova, standing on the balcony looking down into the courtward

"I'm very thirsty," Jacson called to her. "Could I have a glass of water?" He went in and was offered Russian tea but insisted on a glass of cold water. Then he returned to the courtyard, followed by Trotsky's wife. Trotsky turned to her and said in Russian, "Did you know he's waiting for Sylvia to come? They're leaving for New York tomorrow."

Mrs. Trotsky turned to Jacson in sur-prise. "I didn't know you were leaving!" she exclaimed. "If I had known I would have got you to take something for me." The visitor looked embarrassed

"I could call in tomorrow," he suggested. Nathalie Sedova smiled and shook her head. "Oh, no, that would put you out." There was one of those pauses that are usually described as awkward. It was terminated when Trotsky sighed and turned from feeding his vabbits

"Let's go in and read your article," he said, and began closing the doors of the hutches. He led the way into his study, while his wife went to the kitchen. Trotsky sat down in the cool room and placed the manuscript on his desk

Jacson was beside his chair. The hand under the coat came away, holding a mountaineer's ice-pick. His hand went up fast and silently. It came down over the grey-white head, and the steel pick drove into the healn that had helped Lenin destroy the Romanov

dynasty Inside the study Jacson stood like a man dazed. He had dropped the ice-pick and eripped a revolver. Robins punched it aside and beat the assassin to the floor. Jacon soucaled, "They made me do it.

They made me do it. They've imprisoned my mother." Jacon had come very well prepared to obey the orders of his relentless masters. He had three weapons when he entered the study. As well as the pick and the gun he had a danger nearly a foot long sewn into a

pocket. In his pocket wallet were nearly \$500 in U. S. cutrency. The G.P.U. had carried out its orders, but not the way intended. The assassin was expected to be killed. His death was even desired, true to the Beria formula of scaling mouths that knew too much. The man of many names was alive and in the hands of the Mexican police. He told various stories, and wrote various versions of his life and intentions. He was clearly nonplussed by his own continued existence. An official of the Belgian Legation in Mexico City visited him. afterwards admitted that he had grave doubts whether the prisoner was a Belgian subject. Most of Jacson's answers to questions about Belgium were incorrect, and his

accent was that of someone who had learned the French toneme in Switzerland The Canadians traced the number of the bogus passport, found it had been issued to a British subject naturalized in Canada named Bahich, who had been born in Yuroslavia. Bahich had gone to Spain during the civil war and was killed fighting with the International Britade.

Members of the International Brigade were known to have surrendered their passports to their commissars. That way, none of them could have a change of heart and walk outnot even crawl out. Those that died required no passports. Their unrequired passports eventually arrived in Moscow, where forgers employed by the G.P.U. knew very well what to do with them

It was not until 16th April, 1943, that the Mexican Sixth Penal Court found the man charged in the name Iacques Mornard guilty of premeditated homicide

The prisoner was sentenced to the maxium term of 20 years' imprisonment. He left the cell where he had been living a curious life of penal luxury, with a gramo phone and a plentiful supply of records all the reading material he requested, and meals supplied by an expensive restaurant.

He went to a penitentiary without mentioning his employers or admitting the purpose of his journey to Mexico. For a time he had been in the forefront of world puhlicity. He had a past, but no one ventured forward to claim knowledge of him. He was a man whom no one knew-a man whom no one in his past wanted to know

He arrived in prison to start his septence without having broken his silence about his secret past. He was a creature of mystery. and he preferred to remain one The G.P.U. was abolished, then res rected in a new form. It became Beria's infamous N.K.V.D. Agents of the newly named

secret police arrived in Mexico with a plentiful supply of cash. Their credit ran into millions of doilars, They spent \$600,000 taking care that the assassin of Leon Trotsky remained loyal. He wanted for nothing that could be provided legally. Money went overseas to Othe

In Havana a plot was hatched that would result in the escape of the man known as Jacques Mornard Vandendreschd, News of the plan, on which much cash had been spent, filtered to the prisoner

His face became the color it had been that afternoon in August 1940 when he walked across the Trotskys' courtyard at Coyoacán with a coat over his arm hiding an ice-rick. He knew a return of that former fear, Perhaps he thought of the Americano the Trotskys had called Bob-Robert Sheldon Harte. and of his lime overcoat under a kitchen floor. The one-time Frank Jacson decided he was safer where he was, in a Mexican prison, surrounded by armed Mexican guards. He became indiscreet, for once in his life. He allowed the Mexicans to know a plot to free him was in being, that the instigators of the

suggested attempt to get him out of prison were many miles away across the Caribbean Sea. He also saw to it that the Mexican authorities understood something of which they may reasonably have entertained doubts. Jacques Mornard was staying where he was. He did not intend to participate in the attempt to free him. He felt safe behind the prison walls.

Beyond the tall gates there were too many accuts of the N.K V D

Editor's Note: On May 6, 1960, a Mexican police van pulled out of the Federal District Penitentiary, sending up clouds of dust, and raced of down the highway toward Mexico City. In the van was plamp, bespectacled Jacques Mornard, released after more than 12 years behind bars. An hour later he was in the custody of Csechoslovah diplomats who hustled him abourd a traiting Cube Airlines plane, bound for Progue, His release was premature, the Mexican police admitted; he had been released prematurely to avoid "trouble." Whether Mornard will live out the rest of his days in tranquillity as a Czech citizen, or perhaps fall victim to an unexpected "accident," no one can say. One thing is certain, kowever; now that Trotsky's marderer is in Communist hands, Jacques Mornard will never be heard from again





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#### THE PACIFIC MIX-UP

continued from page 19

impossible that Japanese warships could 7, had have approached to within firing page with-

out being detected.

It was not impossible. Seven Japanese cruisers and a destroyer wore hidden in the gloom of night off Guadakanal Island

gleom of night off Guadakanal Island spraying shells into an Allied maval force that had no idea how they got there. When the Astovia finally commenced firing, it was too late. The Japanese advantage of surprise could not be overcome.

A half hour later, Captain Edward Greenman, who had been asleep when the shooting started, surveyed his damaged ship. The Asteria's communications were destroyed, her gunts had been turned into hischeard stumps. Broken hodies covered the deck. Wounded men crawled pittifully behind twisted seel plates for protection. Fire and hlack smeke strought from the hulkbeade.

The Japanese guns roared on, pouring death into his ship. Captain Greenman, his own body shattered by shrapnet, shook his head helplessly. "Please, God," he prayed, "please stop it."

As if in answer, the searchlight snapped of, the puns fell silent and the Japanese ships disappeared into the night's total-darkness For the Astoria, her punsishment had ended. The hattle of Sava Ray was our

The hattle of Savo Bay was over.
The Astrois was not alone in her agony
on that disastrous August 9, 1941. Many
on that disastrous August 9, 1942. Many
on that disastrous August 9, 1942. Many
Japannee gunst 1942.
Japann

The Battle of Savo Bay killed or maimed 1732 Allied, mostly American, troops, more than the toll inflicted by six months of

than the toll inflicted by six months of victous fighting on Gundalcanal. The Japanese, on the other hand, came out of the hattle almost whole, with only 58

enemy killed and 53 wounded.

This was the tragic result of the unpublicized, and inglerious U.S. defeat at Savo Bay. How did it happen?

The story of the Savo Bay disaster begins

with the U.S. invasion of Constalational, which took place on August 1, 1942. Supporting this invasion was a hatsily-formed naval force of sight crusters and a screen of officer of sight crusters and a screen of the constalation of the constalati

The surprise landing on Guadaleanal hit the Japanese hard. At the Japanese naval hase on Rabaul, New Bittain, Vice Admiral Gunichi Mikawa, assembhed a fleet of seven cruisers and one destroyer, hoisted his red and white striped Admiral's flag on the cruiser Zohoda and by 6:00 PM on August  bad his revenge force steaming toward Guadalcanal.
 Mikawa's strategy was simple. He planned

someway strategy was samper are parames to move south from Rahaul down "The Slot," or deep-water channel that runs between the 600-mile long, double line of islands in the Solomeous group. He would arrive at Guadaleanal, at the southern end of the slot, in the dark early spectrum hours

of August 9. It was a risky move; he could expect to be detected before he got too far. Starting out, Mikawa sent out patrol planes which got through heavy anti-aircraft and fighter plane attacks and made it back to report to him the location of Turnery group of one battlethip, six cruiters and 19 detroyers, and a fack of transvers all in

and fighter plane attacks and made it basic to report to him the location of Turcer's group of one battleship, six cruisers and 10 destroyers, and a fock of transports, all in the Narrow barbor between Guadalcanal and the adjoining island of Tulagi. This was his target, a juicy one, worth the risk of deleat and death.

While Mikawa stormed forward with single-minded purpose, the Allies seemed to be making mistakes: To hegin with, the Japanese force was sighted four times, without the information being evaluated preperly.

The first sighting was made on the morning of August 7 by B-17s under the command of General Doughs MacArthur, "Six unidentified ships sighted by Forts in St. George Channel, Course SE."

The message began its long tortious journey through clannel. Twelve hougs later, it was delivered to Admiral Turner. Just after dusk on that some day, Mikawa's fleet, racine out of St. George's Channel, passed so dose to the U.S. sub S-38, that the undersea craft was unable to lnuch tost-poolees and actually relied in the wake of the fast-moving cruiters.

Cdr. Munson radiord his sighting to headquarters. "Two destroyers and three larger ships of unknown type steaming southeastrely at high speed."

These first two contacts did not seem

Above hirst two contacts did not seem significant because the enemy was still close to its hig naval hase at Rahaul. Allied commanders must have assumed they would be sighted by air natrols if they

attempted to come from the Set.

At 10.24 Ac. An August 8, Mikawa's Best
was at the head of the Sist, 350 miles from
the Sist of the Sist

New Guinea, it was tea time. Instead of turning in his report immediately, the pilot stopped off to enjoy a relaxing spot of tea with his mates.

The information could still have been

The information could still have been transmitted to Guadalcanal in a matter of minutes, but planes under MacArthur's Army command weren't sending messages directly to ships under Navy command. Instead, the report began its mechanical journey through channels. Finally-eight hours later-it reached Guadaleanal

By then it was too late to check the accuracy of the report by further air automs. U.S. strategists must have felt three cruisers were not enough for a surface attack Three cruisers and two seaplane tenders. bowever, fitted in perfectly with an air attack. Our fleet therefore prepared for a Japanese hombing raid on Aggust 9, rather

than a surface attack The fourth and final contact was made at 11:01 a.m. by a second Australian Hudson less than a balf hour after his mate spotted Mikawa This Aussie pilot checked off two beavy cruisers, two light cruisers and one unidentified vessel. Had this message reached Guadalcanal before the hattle, the entire situation could have been re-evaluated. Unfortunately, this final sighting took even

longer to pass through channels-almost 15 hours. Guadalcanal got the news as Mikawa's guns opened fire.

And Allied mistakes and had luck continued to pile up: 1). Scout planes which had been ordered to patrol the Slot on August 8 couldn't carry out this mission because of had weather. They undoubtedly would have given warning

of the impending attack. 2). The carrier force of Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher was withdrawn. This robbed the Allies of one more weapon in the hattle. In addition, Allied captains apparently were battle, based their own actions on the helief that the carriers were there, backing them

3). Expecting an air attack because of the erroneous scout early reports, the Allied ships were allowed to remain in the harbor instead of being dispersed to meet a sea attack. The ships were split into three patrol units and this greatly reduced their

effectiveness as a fighting unit. 4). The two U.S. destroyers assigned to radar duty outside the harhor had radar equipment with a range of only 10 miles, yet they were often as much as 20 miles anart. On the other hand, they were so close to the ships in the harbor that their warning would come at nearly the same time as the

While these things were happening, Admiral Mikawa was moving down the Slot at high speed. At 11:13 when he was less than two and one half hours from Sayo, he hunched two float planes to make a final

probe of Allied defenses and to drop flares at his sirmal. At midnight, lookouts aboard the patrolling destroyer U.S.S. Ralph Talbet sighted

one of Mikawa's planes and correctly identified it as a cruiser-type. Lt. Cdr. Callaban sent out an alarm. "Warning! Warning! Plane over Savo headed east," The message was repeated over and over,

hut Callahan could get no response The other picket destroyer, U.S.S. Blue, heard the warning and then picked up the plane on its radar. Blue also sent out a warning. Neither warning reached Turner, Commander Walker, in U.S. destroyer Patterson, tried to relay the message. He, too, was unable to reach Turner because of

had atmospheric conditions.

Three American cruisers, Vincennes, Quincy and Astoria, north of Guadakanal, also spotted the plane. Senior officers assumed the plane must be friendly since it was flying about with its running lights on. Only one man, a junior officer ahoard the cruiser Quincy, identified it.

"It's a Jap plane!" he reported. His senior officers were incredulous. One

of the older men patted him on the back tolerantly. "Don't get hysterical, young man." All the officers in the Northern Force assumed that their superiors must have been notified. Since no one had alerted them to

any danger, there didn't seem any reason for them to be concerned. The failure to inform commanders of the withdrawal of Fletcher's carriers now came home to roost. Had they known Fletcher was

withdrawing, they would have known that the "hysterical" junior officer was right-that the planes overbrad were not from one of Fletcher's carriers, but were enemy For the next hour and a half, the two Japanese pilots sent Admiral Mikawa o running account of the disposition of the

Allied patrols and transports. In tropical waters, ships stir up a phosphorescent wake. The natural glow of these tracings on the water gave the Emperor's airmen an exact plot of the Allied ships. Mikawa couldn't have been better informed if he had seen the Allied patrol plan At 12:45 on the morning of August 9. Mikawa was 12 miles from Savo.

The Japanese fleet was lined up in a single column. Ahead were Mikawa's first obstacks: the two American radar destroyers Blue and Ralph Talbot. The minutes ticked

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City correspondence confidential. He manning with

on. Japanese fighting men talked in whispers. At 12:54, a sharp-eyed lookout aboard Mikawa's flagship, Choksi, spotted Blue. More than 50 his suns swiveled on their turrets to train their sights on Blue, Ralph Talbot was beyond visual contact and the

Japanese fleet did not show up on her radar. American lookouts on Blue scanned the water in front of them. No one was looking astern as might have been expected on this night. Had Blue taken any decisive action. however, she would have been blown out of the water. Mikawa held fire. He wasn't interested in a small fry destroyer. There was bacier same inside the harbor end runfire would have alerted the Allied cruisers. Blue's

good fortune was the last stroke of had luck for the Allies. The Japanese swent past undetected. At 1:32 A.M. Mikawa steamed into the

harbor between Savo and Guadalcanal. At 1:33, he harked out his battle order: "All

shins ettack !" At 1:34. Mikawa's Chokei lookout spotted a varue shape to the northeast. It was the U.S. destroyer Jarvis, badly damaged in the air raid on August 5. All her communications had been destroyed and she was trailing oil as she limped painfully toward an eastern channel before heading south for repairs. Again Mikawa held fire. Because their Admiral didn't open his guns, other ships in his column withheld their fire-Japanese discipline paid off. There was to be no warning for the Allies

Another minute passed and suddenly a squall sent a thick curtain of rain across the Japanese fleet. Luck was egain with the Japanese. The beavy downnour blotted out

their silhouettes as they drew closer to their tarnet. Meanwhile, cruisers U.S.S. Chicago and the Australian Conberra, with American destroyers Patterson and Bagley slowly pa-

trolled the harbor, oblivious of coming dis-

Abruptly the rain curtain swept past and Japanese lookouts sighted the Allied ship. only 12,500 yards eway. Reports were releyed to gunners end torpedomen-reports on range, direction and estimated speed of targets. Target angles were worked out on torpedo directors. Still, the Japanese were

not detected. At 1:38, torpedoes jamped from their tubes. The Chokui was still more than two miles from the eoemy and it would take the glistening torpedoes five minutes to reach their ohiectives. Mikawe was closing fast and still undetected.

The time was 1:43 A.M. At last the long delayed alarm came from destroyer Patter-"Warning! Warning! Strange ships enter-

ing harbor!" At that moment, Mikawa's patrol planes dropped their flares to illuminate Conberra

and Chicago The torpedoes arrived in that fatal minute and crashed into Conberra. Japanese main batteries roazed into action and the first salve burst on Conberro's deck, mortally wounding her centeln and killing her run-

nery officer. Before that fatal minute passed, Camberra was affame, her communications destroyed, her power gone Patterson sent up starshells to illuminate the enemy and Captain Walker wheeled his destroyer into action

"Fire torpedoes?" he shouted Then pouring on steam he let loose with his pint-sized hetteries at the tail end of Mikawa's column. The powerful Jepanese cruisers hrushed the American destroyer aside. One quick salvo tore up two of Pattersow's 5-inch guns and set her stern aflame. The destroyer barked back at the enemy with her remaining guns, but by then the fast-

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moving enemy column had raced past her and disappeared in the darkness. Only then did Captain Walker discover that his ship had not fired her torpedoes. The fight had developed so quickly that Walker's excetive officer hadn't reached his battle station

is time to hear the order.

The U.S. destroyer Bagley took on the energy next. Commander Sinclair turned his ship sharply to fire his starheard torpedoes, but his men couldn't insert torpedo primers last enough. Sinclair completed his turn to bring his port side to bear. By the time the maneuver was accomplished, the enemy was

maneuver was accomplisated, the enemy was beyond reach.
Aboard the U.S. cruiser Chicago, Captain Bode was just matching someded. He stumbled from his sleep and raced to the bridge.
Suddenly a terrible cry sounded out: "Torpede wake to starboard!"
Fill right rudder!" Bode ordered, hoping

to cent the track of the torpeds, but it was to late. Torpedoes were also converging on his post bow. Desperately be tried to spin his ship away from the destructive torpedoes, hat one struck home and hlasted off a section of his how.

Then Captain Bode ordered two spreads of starbells from his Strick sums. There was

tion or ins now.

Then Captain Bode ordered two spreads
of starshells from his 5-inch guns. There was
still time to illuminate the enemy. As might
have been expected on this disastrous night,
both shots were duck.

miliawa's ships now turned northeast for an attack on the force patrolling between Savo and Talagi. As the enemy column turned, one Japanese cruiser stammed a final shell into Chicago's foremast. In less than six minutes, the Southern Force had been eliminated as an effective stabilize unit. And as far as the Northern

Force was concerned, the enemy was still undertexted.
What ahout Patterrow's warning that went out over the radio at 1:43 and whits should have potten to the ships in the northern patriol? Because the circuits were tied up with instructions and acknowledge-masts, the warning did not set through

tied up with instructions and acknowledgemust, the warning did not get through. Straming north, the first ship the Japanese such van the Attoria, whose failure to identify and fare on the enemy sealed its fate. A salve explored into the cruiser, killing Commander Eston and Chief Quartermaster Brown. Shrapped bit into Captain Greenman's back, missing his spinal column by a bair.

back, missing his spinal column by a hair. Captain Greenman was hit by shraped 11 times. His finger was broken, a huge chunk of lead cut into his leg, but he stood on the bridge calmly. Absorbing terrible punishment, Astoria

and off it salvos from her hig guns. The last shell smashed into Admiral Mikawa's chartroom. Cooksi shook off the blow and continued to hatter Astoria. Astoria crept along at eight knots. Her electrical power system was gone, her water

mains shot away. Both forward turrets had been destroyed and her 5-inch guns pulverired. Ahead of Astoria, Quincy and Vincennes were both in flames and all three cruisers were still being pounded relentlessly. On the hridge, Greenman prayed for an

end to the terrible punishment. At that moneon, his prayer was answered, high party was anough the property of the most high property was anough the property of the three crusters in the Northern source of the three crusters in the Northern bow and and an anough the property of Force, Quisicy was punished most severely. Rusher STAMP DIV., Doppt, R.19-F. Wan the enemy sout plane dropped its







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fiares. Captain Moore was summoned from his emergency cahin to the hridge. Moore assumed that General Quarters had already been sounded, but he was wrong, Japanese ships snapped open their search-

light shutters to find Ouiscy's his guns still trained in fore and aft. They lost no time in finding the rance and opened fire while men aboard the Quincy were still racing to their hattle stations

Gunnery Officer Heneberger reached his station in time to unlimber Quincy's guns when Cantain Moore's order from the bridge

was relayed by phone. "Fire at the ships with searchlights on!"

Nine guns responded with two quick salvos. As the guns roared, Moore suddenly suffered qualms of doubt. The lights could

he from ships of the Southern Force. No one aboard the Quincy had definitely identified an enemy column.

Turn on recognition lights," Moore or-Junior officers milled around him, "Please,

Captain," they begged. "Don't do that. Those are Jap ships out there." A shell screamed toward the Quincy and hit a catapult plane on her deck, turning it into a hright torch. Japanese gunners had

the range and raked her in a terrible cross-Captain Moore telephoned his conners.

"We're going down between them. Give 'em hell!" Moore turned back toward his helmsman and at that moment a shell shattered the

pilot house wounding Moore fatally and killing all hut three or four men. Rocked by the deadly Japanese guns, Quincy fought back, hat it was only raw courses that kent her men at their posts

THE sick bay was destroyed. Flames engulfed the Forward Control Station. Men at gun stations were literally torn apart. Cartridge cases ignited and added fuel to the flames already raging on deck. Shattered hulks of men clawed their way from the depths of the ship to find an even greater A dental officer, Lieutenant W. A. Hall Jr.,

carnage on deck

himself severely injured, made his way around the gun deck to administer first aid to other wounded. As he stumbled from one stricken man to another, he found the agonized form of his pharmacist mate. Hall, almost in tears, sat on the iron deck and drew the stump of the young man's leg against his body in a clumsy and futile attempt to prevent the medic from bleeding to death. The roar of cannon rolled across the har-

bor, Transports quickly blacked out their lights, pulled up anchor and milled about aimlessly. One officer aboard a transport close to Guadalcanal watched the red halfs of flame, shells heated by the firing charge, hurtling through the air. His head moved from side to side as he watched the arching

flight of shells from ship to ship. "It was like a watching a tennis match," he said, "a tennis match in hell." Owincy's Gunnery Officer Heneberger sent his assistant John Andrews to the hridge for

"When I reached the bridge level," Andrews recalled, "I found it a shambles of dead bodies with only three or four people still standing." Andrews moved slowly into the pilothouse Captain Moore was slumped on the deck near the wheel hreathing noisily. No one else was alive except the signalman who had taken over the post of helmsman. His face was harvard and he stood at the wheel like some unearthly figure. The Ouiscy was swinging to starboard and the signalman was intent on hringing the ship around to port, innavare that all power had long since been

Andrews stepped up closer. Eerie shadows flickered around the gaunt figure standing at the helm. "What are you trying to do?" asked

Andrews. "The captain ordered me to beach the ship, sir,"

"Where are you headed?" Andrews persisted.

"Toward Savo Island. It's only some four miles to the port quarter." Andrews frowned and the signalman, his

face stiff with shock, bent to his futile task. Andrews stepped to the port side of the pilot house and looked out to locate the island. He knew the ship had lost her power, hut he had been swept up by the force of the signalman's intensive will to carry out Captain Moore's order. As he stared out across the hlack water, Quivey heeled rapidly to port. She was sinking and her bow was already under water. "At that instant," he recalled, "the captain,

straightened up and fell back, apparently dead, without having uttered any sound other than a moan."

Shaken hy what he'd seen on the bridge, Andrews reported back to Heneberger The Gunnery Officer ordered Abandon Ship. At 2135 AM, less than 45 minutes after the enemy attack, Quiscy turned in the water. Steaming and hissing, she dug her bow into the waves and slipped to the

The Japanese ships moved on. The next U.S. ship they encountered was the U.S. cruiser Vincenner. The first salvo missed the Vincennes by 200 yards. The Japanese snapped in their

correction and the next salvo hit the well deck, blasting out gun communications from sky aft and sky forward. With sky control stations knocked out, the officer in charge of the battery shouted out: "Commence firing P The first salvo of starshells from Vincennes

hurst right over Chokei. The gun then opened up with service ammunition and Gnnnery Officer Nelson cheered when their shot smashed the enemy searchlight trained on them

AT that moment, Vincennes was rocked by a terrible explosion. Shrappel tore into Nelson's chest and the lead coursed through his body to come out under his arm. Blood gushed into his mouth. On the hridge, Captain Riefkohl had

turned the Vincennes toward the enemy after the first salvo hit home. After only three minutes, however, the Vincennes was a battered wreck. In a desperate attempt to evade the deadly Japanese guns. Ric(kohl ordered his helmsman to swing the ship hard to star-

Before the Vincennes could complete her turn, shells exploded on the bridge and fragmented into the pilot house. Riefkohl and his helmsman were spared, hut the hot lead, whining across the room, killed three men within a few feet of them

The Viscennes was still turning to starhoard when a torpedo shattered the No. 1 ferroom and wiped out every man. Two more torpedoes quickly followed, dirring deeply into her helly to smash other hollerrooms. Steam lines hurst with an awful hiss. Dull emissions rocked the gutted hull Still under punishment from her port side. the Viscesses was suddenly pinned in the glare of two searchlights to starboard. The

hattered cruiser was now caught in a

With his telephones dead, Riefkohl turned to his orderly, Corporal Patrick, "Tell 'Gune' to fire on those lights," he ordered, but it was already too late

"Guns"-Gunnery Officer Lieutenant Adams-was already racing to the bridge "Captain," Adams reported, "we have absolutely no guns to fire with. Everything is out !\*

The last gun had been silenced and the two numbers had died at their nost And then as suddenly as the attack becan the firing ended. The lights blinked out and the enemy raced on leaving the Vincenner listing heavily to port.

Rejuctantly, Riefkohl ordered all hands to abandon ship Vincennes wasn't the last ship hit by the Japanese. Having destroyed the Northern Force, Mikawa's cruisers steamed past Savo Island, still maintaining two columns. As they picked up speed, the column led by Farataka crossed the path of the picket

destroyer U.S.S. Ralen Taihot. Lieutenant Commander Callahan had seen the run flashes and heard the roar of hattle inside the harbor, but still knew nothing of the toll taken by the enemy. Singlehandodly, he becan to take on a column of cruisers. It was a callant but hopeless fight. The small American DD was caught in a searchlight. Then four Japanese cruisers opened fire. Callahan answered, but his guns were no match for the hruising eight-inch weapons of the cruisers. In less than five minutes, the nlucky destroyer was left in flames, and listing to starboard. Mikawa rounded Savo Island and left the

acene of hattle behind. His ships raced back un the Slot at 30 knots The battle that had become at 1:41 and

ended 30 minutes later The Conberra, left dead in the water, was later sunk by Allied torpedoes. The Chicago was hadly damaged; Astoria, Osincy, Vincennes were all sent to the hottom. The picket destroyer Ralak Talbot was brached at

With the hartle over, the cold light of dawn came, and Admiral Turner was in a desperate position. Stripped of his air support, his fleet destroyed, his transports still packed with supplies, Turner had a tough decision to make. If he took off immediately, the Marines on shore would have

practically no supplies and very little ammunition Turner decided to stick it out for the rest of that day. He gave orders to continue unloading and prepared to meet an attack with the little force he had left. Luckily, the expected bombers never came.

Admiral Turner continued unloading his transports until late in the afternoon of August 9. When he finally gathered his ships to pull out, the Marines had thirty-seven

days' supply of food and ammo for four

The orded for the Navy was over, for a time. The ordeal for the Marines had just been The floodgates open the Japs poured 16 000 traces onto Guadalcanal. The invasion that was won in twenty-six hours took six months of the most sayage fighting to held and secure

The full measure of the disaster in the Battle of Savo Bay can best be understood by this comparison. In thirty-five minutes of hell, the Navy suffered a total of 1,732 dead and wounded. In the six months of hell on Gundalcanal, the Army and Marines lost 1,592 men killed in action

What can be said is this: if it were not for the disastrous defeat on August 9, Guadalcanal might well have become an incienificant paragraph in the history books Instead, it will go down in history as one of the bloodiest campaigns in all of World

The Marines never forgave the Navy for leaving them alone on Guadalcanal. And it was only significant that when the fighting ended, the First Marine Division struck of a medal in honor of their days on the island of Guadalcanal On the observe side was an arm bearing the stripes of a Rear Admiral on the sleeve.

The Admiral's band was dropping a hot potato into the hands of a kneeling Marine. The motto was Facial Georgies (Let George do it). On the reverse side was the rear end of a cow facing an electric fan, It was inscribed: "In fond remembrance of the happy days spent from August 7th, 1942 to January 3, 1943, USMC.

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#### THE PRIVATE EYE YOU DON'T SEE ON TV

continued from page 6

unimportant, integrity. And a man has to Q. What's the usual salary? A. It could so pretty high, Sometimes we like this husiness, which is true of any man in any business, but particularly true of this one.

Q. If you want to become a private detective, what do you do?

A. There are many ways, of course. In our case, if a man makes an application for a job, we interview him, evaluate him. Now

that doesn't mean only, does he have the proper intelligence. It's just as important that he be adaptable, right for this kind of work.

Some of the greatest "entheads" in the world couldn't get to first base in this work. And some goys who aren't highly intelligent are very successful. Q. And ordinarily he'd be trained by the outfit that kired him?

A. Yes. We train our mer Q. How often does the Mickey Spillane thing happen; a beautiful blonde in distress

malking into the office? A. It doesn't happen to us at all Q. To others? A. Yes. Other agencies feel this is their

field and they do it. We don't feel this way so don't have these experiences. Q. You kear a lot about oficial police forces. like New York City's for instance, resenting the activities of private detectives.

Is this true! A. On the whole, no. We work very closely with all law enforcement arencies, the F.B.L. state and city police. We exchange information with them in the interests of law enforcement, and we don't ask them for any information it would be improper for them to give. I would say that most detertive apencies worked in this way.

Q. What's the most common case a detective is kired for? A. That's a hard outstion, we set all kinds

of eases. For instance, investigation of a person's background. This might be grougsted for many reasons. The major one, I would say, is an employment check, where a company or individual is considering hiring a person and wants a report on his background The greatest volume of our business, however, is "undercover" jobs, in which we put our men inside a husiness to uncover certain in-Q. What's the idea behind this?

A. Almost all businesses are subject to lower from inside, through stealing or inefficiency by employees. There might be a shortage in inventory, or sabotage, or maybe you suspect a foreman is not handling his personnel correctly. So we have an arent ro to work in the company, as a truck driver say, without disclosing who he really is, to try and find the cause of the trouble. In this way, management can get information they couldn't get in any other way.

Q. What are the mildest hinds of cases a erinate detective mould consider takine? A. In our organization, I'd say undercover work is the most exciting. We have agents who've been working undercover in a company for as long as 15 or 20 years. We might have several agents in the same company and they wouldn't know each other. Q. How muck does a private detective

A. It depends on his skill.

need a very technical man, one with special scientific skills, and they're very difficult to get. He might be indispensable for the case we're working on and his salary consequently would be quite high. On the average, though I'd say our men make \$150 to \$200 a week O. Does a ray smally work alone? A. That depends on the case. There are

many where he does. I'll answer that offestion this way: If it's an investigation rather than a surveillance, the arent usually works alone. But surveillance or "shadow" work takes two or three men. Q. When would you do "skadow" work?

A. Well, suppose we have undercover people at a place and their reports show trucks are being overloaded and drivers are dropnine the extra stuff off at a fence. We put the husiness under surveillance, trail the trucks to see who the fence is. Or suppose salesmen are not performing as efficiently as they should or are cheating the company in some way, we'd check up on them by shadowing them. With anyone who's suspected of irregularities, one thing you do is find out how they live, whether they're spending more money than they should be.

Q. Say you're working on a case and you come up with evidence that proves your client has done something illegal. Are you obligated to him to been it quiet or do you tell the police? A. In the first place, we have to know why

a client wants an investigation. We don't "no blind" into a case, we won't do anything for a person before we're sure he's legitimate. Say some fellow comes to us and he's charged with a crime. He says he's not guilty and wants us to prove it, to "run out" or check his alibi, his being at such and such a place at such and such a time. We warn him to begin with: "You are charged with a crime and we will not do anything to obstruct justice. We work closely with the police and if we find that you are guilty, we will not keep that information to ourselves."

Q. How dangerous is private detective work? Do many get kurt in the line of duty? A. No. Very few. Q. What kind of guy is a better prospect

as a detective, a super-strong physical type or a kighly intelligent but just average physically kind of guy? A. Is a "flatfoot" better than a guy who knows his stuff? Absolutely not, Give me the intelligent guy. As a matter of fact, the

smaller man makes a better investigator. He doesn't stand out the way a big man would. O. Do private detectives corry pws? A. Some do, some don't. It's governed by the type of work they're doing. Guards always do, investigators sometimes do, with a permit of course But for an investigator, it's not a matter of habit like it is with a police detective. There's always a specific reason for the investigator carrying a gan. Usually,

it's added weight, a nuisance really Q. What are some of the new gadgets detectives have today that they didn't have say 15 years ago?

our men don't like to curry a run because A. There are many. To name just a few, you could start with the polygraph or lie detector. Then there's the infra red lamp. That's used in this way; you put a special powder on stuff, say a wallet or document, that you think may be stolen. The thief can't see the powder but it will show up on his hands when they're put under the infra red lamp. Then there are devices which are used in plant security, in guarding a warehouse, store or plant, like closed circuit TV.

Q. You hear a lot about private detectives being hired to get the goods on kensbands and trives toke've been playing ground. Is this a difficult kind of case?

A. We don't handle it. But I'll say this: If they're really been playing around, it's not difficult at all, for this reason: it's quite hard for a person to detect somebody following him, if the shadow work is right, Even if a person is looking for a "trail," he'll have a hard time spotting one, unless it's in an outlying district where that kind of thing stands out like a sore thumb. But in the city, there are so many people, shadowing is easy. And shadowing is the main technique used in catching errant husbands and wives Q. Why does it cost so much to hire a

A. Does it? I don't think it rosts more to hire one than it does to-well, what do bricklayers get? Our average rates are \$5 an hour. Our charges are always on an hourly basis A client might say, I'll give you a

\$5000 fee if you're successful, but we don't handle cases on that hasis, only on an hourly rate, not for rewards, Q. But other private detectives do operate on a fee basis?

A. Yes, many do.

Q. Suppose a private detective gets eaught doing something outside the law, like tapping someone's phone or rifling his desh.

Does he have any protection against arrest? A. No. And we'd he the first to belp prosecute him if it was one of our men. Leaving out the moral aspect, the fellow with his office under his hat can take chances, but a large organization like we are has to be very strict in adhering to the law and to ethical standards. We refuse many cases hecause of ethical reasons. For instance, we

couldn't do any work that would go against the interests of any of our regular clients Q. Do any tough guys, ex-cons or thugs, ever get into this business?

A. No. Detective agencies are regulated by law. Every one of our employees, even secretaries, are fingerprinted. Under the law, no one convicted of a crime can be employed by an agency.

#### Q. This is a New York state law?

A. Yes. Q. Are other states easier on this? A. No. On the whole. I would say the private investigation business is remarkably free of "rotten eggs." Q. There are 100 female private eyes in

New York, What do they do? A. They're used for a variety of jobs, in undercover work, for instance, as stenographers or clerks. Or suppose you want information from a woman who has valuable knowledge of a certain husiness or patent or copyright. Maybe the best way to get it is to have a woman "op" become friendly with her and "rope her," as we say, that is get her to divulge the information, something she might he less suspicious of doing with a

#### woman than with a man. Q. Should a private eye be able to protect kimself physically?

A. It depends on what he's doing Of course everyone should be able to protect himself, and in some investigations it would come more into play than in others. If the investigator is trying to learn the identity and the movements of an underworld figure, which we often do, then certainly he should be prepared to protect himself. On other cases it's not so necessary

Q. What has TV done for private eyes helped them or hurt them? A. I don't think it's done anything, one way or the other. I guess there is greater interest in detective work. But I think people realize the way it's done on TV is a lot of bunk, though I suppose for the sake of en-

tertaining people they have to have it that way. Q. Would a private detective ever allow kimself to be kired for the purpose of making love to a man's wife to get the goods on her

cheating ... A. I don't think so. Of course it's happened, but the cuy is a crook if he does, and he shouldn't be liceased Q. What cases would a private eye turn

A. I can't speak for others. As for us, we don't operate for rewards, as I've mentioned. We wouldn't take any investigation that could be construed as labor espionage or anything that would interfere with collective hargaining. We don't investigate public officials in graft cases, we leave that to law enforcement agencies. In short, we wouldn't take anything that was off-color.

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#### THE STRANGE STREET GANG GIRLS

continued from page 39

"a tape measure job." She belonged to the Dusters. At the entrance of Mary Lou, the conference halted dead in its tracks. "Yours?" asked Hat Man, very cool, in-

clining his head toward the girl without turning his eyes in her direction. Little A. shrugged-the hip way of indieating she was his property, lock, stock

and barrel "These headlamps—they ain't sealed-beam I know a man looked under her hood." Little A. seemed to rise up on his tiptoes as though reaching for the ceiling: "Feel like some air?" he asked-the cool way of inviting a man to step outside and

fight. Around the corner from the Youth Center. on a closed-off play street, Little A. and Hat Man met. Among the spectators were representatives of both gangs-Mary Lou, the integrity of whose bosom was the cause of

They moved around each other in swift circles, stocky Little A. moving forward, slender Hat Man dancing like a welterweight on the balls of his feet. Then, abruptly, Hat Man made his move, flipping a knife from under his shirt and darting it in a series of light, stabbing thrusts underneath Little A.'s guard

Blood flowered on the heavyset boy's shirt. He besitated, as though puzzled, then with surprising speed shot forward, clubbing Hat Man on both sides of the head with both hig arms. Then Hat Man was down, and Little A. was stomping him with his feet. the educated broguns feeling around for a

shot at the victim's face. At this point, the police siren sounded, and Little A, and his followers retired victoriously behind a board fence to wait for the inevitable challenge to a rumble that would come from the Barons.

The honor of Little A. and the Dusters United-as symbolized by Mary Lou's proud frontage-had been upheld. But it would have to be reaffirmed in an all-out gang war. There would be no peace on this street for a long time to come

Sociologists, psychologists and every other sort of -ologist under the sun have attempted to understand the phenomenon of the teen-age gang. Many of them have come up with reasonable, if inconclusive answers. Nearly all of them agree that the role of girls in these groups has been vastly minunderstood and underrated. One social worker of 20 years' experience says: "H I can reach

the girl at the beart of the gang, I can redirect the gang itself." If the girls who run with gangs are so important, who are they, why do they do it.

and how did they get that way? The best way to answer these questions is to look at ten girls, chosen from court, police and juvenile bureau documents, and see how they run:

1). WHATTAPAIRA. The young girl showed up all of a sudden near a set of steps in East Harlem where the Noble Mc-Graws hung out. She was beneath their notice—the McGraws were a junior street

gang who thought it was a sign of weakness to travel with sirls.

Then one of the younger members, a boy named Jerry, started looking at her out of the corner of his eye. She didn't look like much underneath the shapeless flour sack she wore, but he was curious. "Hey, kid, what's your name? Where you from?" The girl looked at him through round black eyes and said something that was really the name of a small town in Puerto Rico. But it

sounded like something else. "Whattapaira." yelled Jerry. "Thatser name. Whattapaira." The older heads of the gang looked at

Jerry without expression. "I mean," one said to another, "I don't see the sense of getting bugged over some

little spic piece. What's he yellin' about?" But Jerry had already lifted the flour sack, high in the air, leaving the sad girl somewhat exposed. "See what I mean Whettapairs." "Throw it back in the water," the older

Neble McGraws said, expressionlessly. The next night, the head men of the McGraws, a gang that fought once a month with the Puerto Ricans on the next block tock Whattapaira down into the dark place underneath the stairs where the superintendent stashed the garbage cans

Afterward, they came out one by one and sat together solemnly on the steps. When the last one came out, he said

ouietly, "Whattapaira." The McGraws on the steps laughed, and then the girl came out from under the steps calmby straightening the flour sack. She looked up at the watchers on the step and

drew the fabric downward, until it pressed taut over her breasts. "Pass?" she asked, "Pues?" She was hig for 15, 16. The Noble McGraws each tossed a cigarette at her, and she picked them up, looking at them with grateful eyes.

After that, Whattapaira never looked at the younger McGraws. She followed the leaders wherever they went. And all they had to do was say "Puer?" or pull out a cirarette and she would go down under the steps and wait for them

The kid called Jerry who named her was now hitter about the girl, "She's a spic, why don't she run with the spics? Maybe

abe's a sny " The older McGraws had gotten used to Whattapaira, but they knew Jerry might have something.

"You take her over to the Chicos turf. You have her help you waste a Chico. Then you know, hinge-mouth." Jerry liked fighting better when the whole gang went hopping as a unit, but he knew

the rule When it got dark, he explained what he was going to do to the girl. Then he led her to the next block and they sneaked up onto the roof across the street from where the Chicos stood every night, in front of a hamhurger place. Armed with a hunk of lead pipe, he kept out of sight while the stood in full view of the other side of the street and lifted up her dress. There were

three Chicos over there, and they all eams

running upstairs to the roof. Jerry knocked out the first two, but the third ducked and pulled a knife. Jerry was too fast, bowever, and got back to his home turf, breathing hard-and without Whattapaira. Next day, a couple of Chicos appeared on the McGraw turt wheeling a pushcart; they

ran when the McGraws appeared in force. Tied up inside the cart was the girl. Her mouth was stuffed with straw so that she could hardly breathe and obscenities were black-crayoned in Spanish over most of her

The Noble McGraws decided that Whattapaira had "made it." After that, somehody found her a mattress and a place to sleep in a sham hallway. (She'd come alone to New York with a little old man who had disappeared soon after.) The McGraws took up a collection and bought her a red dress and a blue dress. It

got so that whenever the Noble McGraws had any big project to do, they would always reach inside her dress and lightly touch Whattapaira, for luck. The McGraws ran out of luck one day when a social worker heard about the girl, came nosing around, and finally took her away to a Girls' Farm.

In the worker's report, she commented: Here was a girl who because of youth, loneliness and language difficulties mistook s teen-age gang culture for "normal" American life. Her reaction to the gang was typical of an immigrant child with nothing to fall back on except berself, with nothing to give except her body. Once she had learned the language and discovered a different kind of 'gang,' she went to another city, got a job in a factory, and finally married the

2). BETTY JO sat in her white convertible Caddy and tossed her blonde hair back and laughed. It was a deep laugh that went way down inside her. The ball dozen members of the Knaves standing there weren't used to seeing this kind of stuff in the neighborhood. They tried to act cool, but they couldn't belp staring, The only one who didn't stare was Leo,

the President of the Knaves. He bad a resular woman, 22, bustling for him and splitting her fees with him "I haven't anything better to do," she said, "so I thought I'd come down here and get scared. Sort of a new kick. But you're not

scaring me." And she laughed. The way Loo moved, you never saw bim in motion, and suddenly be appeared somewhere else. This time, be showed up in the driver's seat of Betty Jo's car. He flicked his eyebrows faintly at the Knaves on the sidewalk and spun off.

Half an hour later, the white convertible came back. Betty Jo's lower lip was trembling and she bad a bruise on her cheek, but she beld het chin bravely

Leo flicked an eye at one of the Knaves. "Marty, go got the piece." In a minute, the boy was back, slipping a cut-down 38 Colt revolver into Leo's band. Leo reached down and flipped Betty Jo's skirt all the way back and tucked the gun into the top of one of her stockings. As she shivered, be flipped the skirt back.

"I needed a place to keep it." The next week, Betty Jo went out on a survey of the Knaves' territory with Leo The week after she went out bopping with

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hun, handing him the gun and watching him while be pistol-whipped a boy from another gang who'd strayed into the wrong street. And, since Betty Jo's mother was seldom at home in the hig town house and her dad was almost always West running his business. Leo and the top men of the

Knaves often held their war councils in her basement. Then one day after a gang fight involving 100 boys, police traced Leo to the hig bouse, where they found him in Betty's bedroom with a handage on his head In spite of her tears, juvenile authorities

told the story to her mother and father, and she was whisked off to a special summer boarding camp for very rich girls with very busy parents. The psychologist who later treated Betty

Jo says: "This girl, in a search for seene kind of genuine emotion was willing to settle for being 'scared.' In a search for a cause to which she was able to give herself completely, she was willing to settle for a gang of young hoodlums. . . Sending her to another boarding school wasn't the solutionand Betty Jo is still a very unhappy girl."

3). DOLL is what they call her. Her real name is Eileen, but ever since she was four years old, she's spent all her time making dolls out of wood, paper and string, and potting them in cardboard boxes in the one room she shares with her father, a widower who works for the railroad.

She belongs to the Macs, a gang on the South Side that has seen better days. They used to be the terror of the neighborhood. but most of the old families have moved away, and now the Macs are slowly being squeezed to death by the big new Negro

gangs on both sides of them. So today, the Macs, having nothing else to do and no place to go, meet in Doll's room, and sit on the floor of the room filled with little stick figures. "The broad is simple." says the gang leader, Kevin. "That's how we like her. She don't give us no trouble,"

Each of the homemade dolls is named for a member of the gang. To Eileen, her dolls are the most important thing in her life and they are as real, or more real, than living people. Once when Kevin had copped a bottle of port from the back of the liquor store downstairs, and the Macs had gotten to feeling high and dangerous, they started throwing knives at the dolls. Then Doll got a crazy look in her eyes and chased them all out of the place with her father's pistel. Somehow the gun went off and a builted went through the eye of a kid named Garrity, who hadn't even joined in the knife throwing.

When the police came they looked around for Eileen. They found her in the tioy backyard, digging a hole. She looked up at them and said, "I'm burying this doll. His name is Garrity."

After that, Doll was sent off to an institution for a while, but finally came back because the doctors said the was "harmless." Lately, her father noticed she had taken to carrying the doll she called Kevin to bed with her-and soon after, it became obvious that the girl was pregnant. About the same time, Kevin signed up with the Navy, The case worker who was called in wrote in her report; "This girl is near the moron level. Unfortunately, street gangs and their activities have a powerful attraction to such

mentally crippled children-they are the

simplest most primitive form of social group. and give the simple-minded a sense of 'belonging.' All too often, the gang leads to the destruction of such eigh,"

4). MICKEY was right in the thick of the battle. She was a trim, slender girl with a face that would have been pretty except for a thin-lipped, tight-drawn mouth. At the moment that mouth was shouting for blood. She stood with hoys of the gang, called

the Emperoes, backed up against the playground fence by the superior forces of the Jacks. Next to her was ber "gweet man," the War Lord of the Emperors, a stocky youth wearing a mask and cape and wielding a zingun in one hand and a fistful of razor blades in the other Mickey's assignment was to keep the War

Lord's zipgun loaded, but when another of the Emperors went down under the bludgeoning of a baseball but, she grabbed his weapon, a bayonet, and led a charge directly at the center of the enemy line. As the police reached the playground, they caught Mickey and two other Emperors scaling the high fence of the playground.

When they took her in to the juvenile court, Mickey wanted to be locked up with her male co-fighters, not in the girls' section. When Mickey first met the Emperors, she'd worked up a good hate toward boys. For one thing, she had three brothers, and in the crowded tenement where she lived, she'd been forced to sleep in the same bed with one or another of them for most of her 16 vears.

After that, she'd lived with and weeked for a wealthy single woman who had insisted Mickey sleep in the same hed with her because she was "afraid of prowlers." This led to caresses which Mickey found oddly exciting, and soon the two weer lovers When Mickey came upon the street gang,

she'd just walked out on her Leshian lover, who had accused her of stealing money, and whom Mickey bad savagely beaten The strange girl got a good lookover by the gang. The War Lord, called Mister, walked a tight circle around her, sizing her

Suddenly be grabhed her by the belt, lifted ber kicking and spitting off the ground and turned her upside down.

"I just had to shake you up a little to see if you'd fall spart." Mickey was half Mister's size, but she came at him with teeth, fingernails and feet.

But he was ready with a knee to the stomach. that left her gasping, doubled up in the dirt. "Somebody got a hlade," be asked. When one was given him, he yanked down her pants and whammed her with a series of sharp stinging blows with the flat of the knife, until the flesh was crimson.

When Mickey got up, she was a fullyinitiated member of the Emperor Debaexcept for one particular ceremony, which the War Lord took care of that night in the back corner of a parking lot.

From that time on, Mickey slept with him wherever be was; when he stayed home with his parents, she sneaked into his room from the fire escape. Her case came to the attention of juvenile workers when she was hospitalized after a beating into which she'd

purposely goaded Mister. The court-attached social worker who went to see Mickey in the hospital said:
"Here is a life almost hopelessly wrecked at
17—a sike creature who revels in the blood
and terree of street fighting, a Leeban who
has turned her anger at heing horn a woman
into a weapon with which she heats men—
and drives them into beating her."

5). BABE-O is a hright, alert girl, who despite the poverty and dirt in which she's grown up, speaks good Eaglish and keeps breed! immucralately clean. "The just like asy normal American girl-who wants to sloop with every living man she sees." The men have always been around to aconomodate her, because Babe-O looks as though she invented carree, and walks as

though the aims to exercise every one of them.

Lately though, only a very special group have been able to take advantage of Babe-O's unfinited offer. That group is a so-called "mixed" gaug, called the Select

so-caused marco: gaug, called the Select Eagles. Seven key members of the gang are white, four are Negro, one is Chinese. "We don't believe in this segregation jive. Why, when we go on a rumble, we don't care who we harn. Color of skin has nothing to do with jar."

The Steet Eagles are a very proud, we sperior gang. Their armore constant four seal pittols—and they have their about, a two-room ex-pigone house on the nost of a tentment. The clubhouse is where the common their constant constant are supported by the leader. The One—though when the Chih meeds hereaft to bey amountained to the constant at 15.15 mm a tick for the other members at \$1.50 mm a tick for the other members at \$1.50 mm (mm).

The first time The One naw Balay-O, in Plack's Pince, they had hig eyes for each Scher. The One is a handsome, mahogassynished the Company of a sum efform the West Indian Scher. The Company of the Scher. The Indian Scher. Sched just started husefully adults for Politics, but also quit that night contact for Politics, but also quit for the Contact One. The Contact Contact for the Contact English of the Converted pinces.

because the door of the converted pitcon police was harred from the inside. When things pot hack to normal, and The One showed a willingness to abare the natural resource, everybody was very happy with Rube-O.

The One, whose Indies hackground makes the reconstruction of the properties of the proper

for 10%, whose Indies harkground maker in exceedingly polite toward women, refers to ber as "my dear wo-man," and refuses to let her go out with them on raids. When war is on, she stays in "The Nest" and sellsber services to sailoes who are directed to her by her former boss, Polack.

The Select Eagles, being one of the two major gangs have their own youth hourd worker, enclusively assigned to them. This man finds that the presence of a girl like Babe-O makes it difficult, or almost impossible to break up a gang or to convert it to a speciful social club.

"This girl," he says, "bodds the gang together by shoer animal sexuality. And that makes them tougher to crack than if they had a whole hattery of machineguns."

In an effort to get the Select Engles under control, the youth hoard worker even persunded Babe-O to talk with a psychiatrist, who reports: "Here is a girl who is delinquent purely because of the unusual dramands of an extraordinary hody. You can't really say that she's mentally disturbed. Of course, there is a history of some instability in her family, but from all we can tell, she had a warm family life. Perhaps there asome people who are simply 'gkandular' delinquents...'

6). STASIA is small, neat, compact, well-made, with black hair and a turned-up nose, with black hair and a turned-up nose. We says, "you ought to see my sister—and my morber" Stasia never had any delinquency troubles until her lith year, shortly after she, in her mother's words, "started having woman troubles."

troubles."

At that time, the started hanging out with various junior gangs of hoys and girls, never staying with one for any gard of time. Then, when she was 14, Stasia and Phager, a leading member of the higses gang in the neighborhood, called simply The Young People.

People:
Finger was a shambling, overgrown 17year-old of barely average intelligence, who
seemed only to come to life during a rumbleand whose only distinction was a malformed
hand consisting only of a buge thumh and
long forefinger, which combined to look
every much like a lobster claw.

While remaining technically a virgin, Statis permitted Finger to do "everything hut". Statis permitted Finger to do "everything hut". Statis permitted of all was the claborate, almost worship of all was the claborate and a statistical conditions which also give to Finger's missing place of the property of the propert

When Finger prepared to go street fighting, he went better an elaborate ritual into, he went better an elaborate ritual preparing for hattle, file part preparing for hattle, file part a lattle, slow. On his good hand, he wore a a lattle, slow. On his good hand, he wore a white giove. Then came the humbers of saming Finger. Became his one finger and hand ripped a knife insperietcy, he has a bear handed stillento lathed to his sum art hear handed to have a single part of the control of the street of the street of the street of the control of the street of the street of the street of the control of the street of

The cracking point for Stasia came when Finger led The Young People on a foray into another neighborhood. Stasia followed, since it was a "light-armed" fight, where both gaugs had met beforehand and agreed not to harn with guns.

When the two armies met on a dead-end street, it turned out the police had been tipped off. They moved in quickly to hreak up the action before it started, and in the course of the struggle, several shots were fared.

Finger fell to the ground, grahhing at a wound on his deformed arm. At the hospital, it was necessary to amputate at the elbow, which meant that Finger was out of gan fighting for keeps. Starks suffered a complete emotional hreak-

down, during which she tried twice to commit suicide. Finally, she was sent away to stay with an aunt is another city, where she stay with an aunt is another city, where she was persuaded to see a psychiatrist. That psychiatrist had much light to shed That psychiatrist had much light to shed on Stasia's hehavior: "It sounds almost ridication, but this very attractive little girl ridication, but this very attractive little girl

suffered from an "ugly duckling" complex, always feeling that her sister and mother were the beauties of the family. Thus, it's easy to see why she responded so strongly



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to the urliness in someone else-in the form of a boy's maimed hand. Fortunately, this girl's trouble is something we can work out,

7). LIVVY won every beauty contest in the city. She had blazing red hair and skin the color and amouthness of nearl. She lived with her mother and stepfather and three younger stepsisters five flights up over the coroer candy store. When she walked by that coroer, the boys nn the Lancers didn't make remarks or issue strange noises from their threats as they did when most "hroads" went hy. They just stood and gaped with their months half open

Then the President of the Lancers, who was nicknamed Render because he was not only very quick with a knife, but also read books, not an idea. "What this gang needs to make it a really

awinging gang is like a White Goddess," Reader was high enough on vodks to put the suggestion to Livvy and, to his surprise, she took him up on it. She was installed in a newly fixed-up room

in the deserted tenement that served as the Lancer's clubbouse, and a strict set of rules was established to guide the member's behavior toward her. None of the gang could enter the room while Livey was there, except for Reader. And no one, even Reader, was

to touch her When a rumble was planned, all the Lancers brought their weapons to Reader, and he in turo took them to the Goddess. who kissed them and said a spell that Reader had gotten from one of his books.

Then one day Livvy didn't show up as expected for the ceremony of blessing the weapons. Reader went to her family's apartment, hut couldn't get in. He went through window via the fire escape, and found Livvy in a hedroom being ravished by her stepfather. In the resulting fight, the stepfather got superficial knife wounds. The two youngsters were sent away to juvenile homes. The psychologist who studied this striking

case had this to say: "Here is a case where a criminal hand of juveniles worshipped a figure of virginal goodness, only to be betrayed by the adult world. This is an extreme example, hut at times, the girls who associate themselves with gangs are treated with respect-and even, in some cases, can lead to rehabilitation of the members."

E.) BURNSY is the kid sister of one of the former members of the Baywaters. From the time she was eight years old, she used to trail him over to the Recreation Center where the gang got together. "Burnsy, go get me a stick."

"Burnsy, go hack to my house and see if my old man is still drunk." Whatever the gang wants, Burney does, She is the eternal messenger, and kid sister

When her brother left the many to ret married and take a clerking joh at the Post Office, Burnsy attached herself to the War Lord of the Baywaters, whose name was Dwarf. He was a hoy about five feet tall, with the torso of a heavyweight boxer and the legs of a seven-year-old child. He walked with the slow, shuffling gait of one who has had a certain kind of police.

Dwarf liked to give people advice, and since Burnsy would always listen, they became close friends-though the idea never occurred to Dwarf to try "making it" with her, even though by that time she was 15. Once, and only once, Burnsy went with Dwarf and the rest of the Baywaters when shey robbed a food store in another neighborhood. The owner called a cop and gave chase, following them as far as the Expressway that marked the beginning of the Baywaters' territory

Everybody got across, ducking through the traffic, except slow-moving Dwarf and the girl, who hesitated, unable to decide whether she should follow the gang or he loyal to Dwarf. At the last minute, she dashed after the gang, and was struck down by a trailer

Now, Burnsy can no longer follow the Baywaters, though she's with them in spirit She lies at home, her body permanently twisted out of shape. The doctor who treats her calls her, "the kind of person with little ego, who lives only through others. Now, unluckily, she is pretty well prevented from getting even that much out of life." Certainly, Burnsy represents one kind of girl who frequently finds an upside-down sort of meaning in life by fastening berself to a teennor male cano 9.) MAELLEN is a sweet-faced long-

leaged girl, who looks like a typical college freshman, perhaps more attractive than most Then you look more closely and note that the pupils of her eyes are tiny pinpoints. After a while, you observe that her features are indefinite, as though a transparent well bung over the fare. Maellen is a joy-popper, she is broked on heroin, she is a full-fledeed drug addiet.

T all began when Maellen was 16 and her mother, who was recently divorced, stopped getting payments and had to go to work, She left the key with Maclien, and the girl made good use of it. She turned the place into an afternoon social club for the his local gang, which was simply known as The Gang.

Maellen was, from the beginning, a tryanything-onre girl. According to court records, she admitted having become the mistress of a petty neighborhood hoodlum at 17. "But I got bored with that. Sex is okay. It's just that I found something

When she first had the gang up to her apartment, Maellen got her kicks by going out with the boys when they "borrowed" care and went marauding into the pext same's turf. Through the gang, she met a photographer, who hired her as a model. The photographer wasn't interested in her as a conquest-he was a homosexual-but they discovered a mutual interest in druss. Now, mainly because Maclien's place is

the only available clubbouse for The Gang, she is still important to them. But the gang leaders disapprove of her habit. "Onre in a while, a smoke or two, to cool you off, like," they say, "But when a gang starts taking it in the vein, they go all soft. They go to pieces fast. The police, anxious to clean up the whole

gang situation, haven't yet moved in on Maellen or her source of supoly. They have this to say about girls like Macilen: "When a gang breaks up, usually there's a girl involved somewhere-often a girl like this one. We want to see it happen. Then we'll ship this poor kid off to Lexington and, we hope, the cure." ...

#### THE TWO TOUGHEST MEN IN THE WORLD

continued from page 37

belly, brawart, wastrel he mucht be: a man who had deserted his lawful wife for Ann Livingston, the notorious hurlesque queen, a hum stage actor (as the blacksmith hero of "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"), a general hell-raiser and first-class sinner. But he was the best-known American in

the world a man idolized above Buffalo Bill Cody, a man whose words were quoted more frequently than William Jennings Bryan's, a man whose hull-necked, marvelously-mustachioed Irish face could draw a higger crowd anywhere, anytime, than Little Egypt, P. T. Barnum, Diamond Jim Brady and Lily Langtry all put together For John Lawrence Sullivan was not sim-

oly a man-he was an institution. AS summer faded into fall this muscular drawing card could have been found almost any afternoon, at what waggish reporters laughingly called "John's training camp" in the eastern part of Long sland. "Almost any afternoon" is the only adequate phrase, for the Champion, portly and florid from too much night training at the brass rails or in the curvaceous Ann Livingston's boudoir, wasn't worrying over such nonsense as skipping rope, dieting or roadwork, Hell, the fight was still a month away! He was 33 years old. He could guzzle several hotties of champagne with a dinner nearly as hig as Diamond Jim's, then hit the saloons along the fashionable Bowery for a quart sands of friends and admirers. By-God, sir! Could any man do all this if he wasn't in shape? Sure, he had developed a ramo and a roll of hlubber around his middle, but his neck and shoulders were still rock-hard. and his arms superb and his fists like sledges. He'd been Champ for ten years and he could still bit harder drunk than any other living man could sober-and anybody disputing it had the chance to find out. John L's famous offer still stood: \$1000 spot cash to anyone staying four rounds in any ring with him. Only two men had ever collected-and both had done it by falling down for a count of nine every time John looked at them. "My record speaks for me?" John could roar proudly. How many fighters could claim to have fought humdreds of men over ten years with such

results? If it hadn't been for three Irishmen James J. Corbett, late of the Olympic Club and later still of the National Bank (hoth San Francisco establishments), might never have become what he was in the approaching fall of 1892: the second most talked about man to America. As it was, "Pompadour Jim," as he was derisively called by some, could not step into any street in New York City now without being followed by the curious and singled out as "that dude that thinks he can lick John L.

The tall, lithe, handsome and supremely confident challenger didn't mind it. The stickers of shorshine boys didn't bother him any more than did the loud comments from restaurant tables, streetcars and horsecahs, "Look out, Pompadour Jim-John's behind you!" some card would call, amid the laughter from the smart money and the blushing gries of the lovely burgled ladies (they called them "hirdies" in those days), but Jim Corbett never ruffled, He laughed with them. He tipped his straw hat, swung his cane and bowed genteely in acknowledgement of the insuregable wittiness of these remarks. Dammit! It was really hard to hate the fellow He did not boast overmuch, cringe or apologize for thinking he could lick John L.

And that training camp. Kids . . . kide. mind you, were let in to watch Pompadour Jam skip rope and dance around like a fool. Man, how that man did dance around! And many's the time he'd warned his trainers and sparring partners about cussing Curring, mind you! And just try cetting in if you were a reporter. Or try heinging a drink into the place. Jim Corbett was 25 but he acted like 95. Never a party. Living on milk and ice-cream. Cautious as hell Conserving his strength-at 25! For mhat? How the hell could a man get to be champion of the world by conserving his strength? A man had to fight and rough it to he champ. By God-look at John L.

By heaven, sir! There was a mon! Few people outside his native California thought much of Jim or of his chances. The greatest acrolade the eastern folks could pay him was to note his calm, charming manners and clothes, and to drop (in some quarters, reluctantly) the "Pompadour Jim" in favor of the kinder, more palatable, "Gentleman Jim." But few there were-even in the fight rame-who had bothered much beyond that Somewhere in the obscure payt, in the obscure West, the tall slender California dude must have had a ring record of some sort. Some never doubted it. But so what? What ring record on earth matched John L. Sullivan's? Whose courage matched John L. Sullivan's? Who in the world had ever dented that iron jaw or withstood those steel fists? By God, sar!

John L. had met some men!

THOSE who might have bothered investigating would have discovered that "Gentleman Jim" did, indeed, have a ring record of sorts. As a matter of fact, while still a bank messenger and clerk Jim had become amateur boxing heavyweight champing of the fancy San Francisco Olympic Club, By his late teems he had licked tough Jos Choyniski in a bloody, drag-out hattle in which Jim had worn "pillows" and the shrewd Joe a pair of skin-tight driving gloves calculated to slice up his opponent. After 27 rounds, Joc, choking on his own blood, had had enough. And after that this same cocky, smiling kid had taken-and chopped down in just 9 rounds-the spunky Jake Kilrain who had given John L. the roughest 75 rounds of his career only eight months earlier. Then, the following May, Gentleman Jim had gone on to an amazing 61-round draw against the great Australian Negro heavyweight (some called him the greatest all-round fighter in the world), Peter Jackson,

But these were only the highlights, for James J. Corbett, like John L. Sullivan, "YOU ARE UNDER ARREST"



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believed in taking on all comers-winnertake-all-any time, any place, any style-Some few of John L.'s many fans recalled, of course, that the great man bad once "fought" an exhibition bout in the San Francisco Grand Opera House with young Tim It had been a lough Everybody had booted and roused over John L.'s little joke on the smart kid when John had decreed that the "bout" would be "jought" in white tie and tails, with only their coats off. Naturally, Corbett bad swallowed John's joke and grinned. Corbett always grinned. But be'd known John bad done it to make a monkey out of him. . . . What few of Sullivan's fans knew about was Corbett's outrageous remark to his manager, Billy Delaney, after the bout, "Billy,

I can whip this fellow!" And from then on it had been his purpose to prove it. If there was one thing John L. Sullivan was not, that was a snot. And if there was anything John L. disliked it was a snot. And that was just what James J. Corbett was, as near as Sullivan could figure: a snub-nosed, grinning, smart-alecky little snot from California "To the woods with Corbett!" as John liked to put it. It was his 1890's version of "Dron dead?"

JOHN L. bimself had thought it all out. in justice to his position as Heavyweight Champion of America (and, except for those "damned Englishmen" who kept dodeing him-of the World), and had arrived at several reasons why he didn't like Corbett. . . . First, be didn't like brass monkeys who played it high-taned in their spats and cames for the birdles with the bustles, while claiming they was "fighters" when they was enddamned dudes. Second. he didn't like powdet-pull punchers and fancy dans who went around smoking up a fight just to build themselves up with their nublic And third ... Well the bell with it. It was all there, in Sullivan's open challence which he had printed in the newspapers, for everybody to read, the challenge that goddamn swot, James J. Corbett, had used to rope bim into a fight that would probably make bim lose prestige with bis funs by not letting bim work up a good sweat before Mr. Gentleman Jim was borizontal on the turi! Indeed, when sufficiently in his cups, John L. said as much-and Inmilly

"Corbett or anybody-you know me boys! I'll give 'em the same old fight! I'll give 'em what I gave Steve Taylor, Paddy Ryan, Kilrain, Mitchell-and what I'd like to give Jem Smith, that shifty Englishman, if be's ever man enough to meet me?" John L, had great dignity and power when speaking about fighting, and everybody listened. And be would conclude his speeches:

"As always, I am your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan!" Yes. Three Irishmen had been responsible for creating James J. Corbett. The first bad been an old-country Irishman, Patrick I. Corbett, his father, who had given bim bis life, bis peide and his flerce independence, The second had been William A. Brady: that huckster of the Gay Nineties, whose advice and press-agentry was forcing Corbett's name into the reluctant American sportine mind. The third, ironically, was that sucreme (although American born) son of Erin himself. John Lawrence Sullivan. whose marvelous contempt and sheer "mick" fighting spirit had moved him to issue his

magnificent manifesto of self-respect: "7 hereby challenge all bluffers . . . ! As August rolled into September no na-

tion on earth which followed the Manly Art could get enough news about the coming match between the Great John L, and bis "cocky" young challenger. That perbage John, bimself, might be a mite "cocky," too, was not something to enter anyone's mind. John didn't really bran-he simply made true statements when he promised be would knock Corbett's well-groomed bead off his shoulders come the night of Scotember 7th, 1892. Many still remember the remark made by the famous sportsman. Col McLewre, that evening when Corbett bad approached him to request financial backing to meet John's terms: "Gosb A'Mighty! What? Fight Sullivan?

Do you want to get murdered?" No. They didn't give Corbett much chance. The "smart" money, as the time approached was at 4 to 1, and nobody needed to ask who the favorite was. But Corbett smiled, advising his close friends and associates to "put your money

on me, centlemen"-and they promotly went out and nut it on the champion instead. This finally stung the proud Californian. An old friend, Tom Williams, bet \$5,000 on John. Jim wrote to bim: "Tom, I understand you are betting on

Sullivan. . . . I wish you would switch your bet. . . . I'm in splendid condition. You saw me fight Choyinski and Jackson, You know I can go the distance; and no man who has lived the life that Sullivan has lived can beat me in a finish fight." After receiving this letter Tom Williams did reconsider. Then be went out and bet \$10,000 more on Sullivan

ONE evening, as Corbett dodged about a rang giving a short exhibition of his new form of boxing, a bottle was thrown at bim, narrowly missing his bandsome head. "And yore the guy that thinks be can fight Sullivan?" yelled a scornful Irish voice from the gallery.

"I'm going to beat him!" answered Corbett, barely interrupting his timing. . . . Next day, as Jim Cobrett sat in a popular ice-cream parlor, be could bear the comments-some snide, some pitving-all around him

"There's the fellow that's going to fight Sullivan!" said a young man. "What 10 replied his companion sarcastically, "That chap eating the ice-cream?" There was, of course, the usual borse-

Just before the fight one of Jim's chief backers refused to put up the remainder of the necessary money, claiming lamely that be'd been told Corbett bad been 'out on a but." It was an example of last-minute cold feet, and Jim knew it. He and Brady and Billy Delaney, his faithful trainer, had to run around until the purse was made up But Corbett was determined to beat Sulli van-now, more than ever. He had taken too much, waited too long, worked too bard, to give up.

And then another crisis: Some of his main backers had grown timid and wanted to weigh Gentleman Jim, who looked too light. In a pear-panic of his own, lim took drastic action. He appeared for weighing

(at a butcher-shop!) wearing his overcoat. The hackers let him keep it on, since he was cold and they didn't want him becoming

"How much do you weigh?" they asked. "One ninety-two," he said without los-

ing his smile "Let's see Step up." They watched, amazed. "By god, boys-192 it is! He sure doesn't look it stripped!" And when they had gone, Jim sighed heavily, looked at the worried Brady and Delaney, then took four iron polley-weights out of his coat pockets Without this sudden inspiration James J.

Corbett would have actually weighed in at a frightening 178! But this was a side of Jim Corbett which the public did not see. They saw only the dude, the fancy-dan, the smart-aleck who was nervy enough to think he could stand up to Sullivan, the fastest, the hardesthitting, the pluckiest champion who had ever broken a knuckle over an opponent's

sbayed head Upon their arrival in New Orleans John and his manager, Jimmy Wakely, and their retinue checked into the Young Men's Club, the biggest in the state James J. and his own group were received by the Southern Athletic Club, where he'd once whinced Jake Kilrain The odds were now 4 to 1 in New Orkans John L., feeling fit, took it easy in his hotel room, Contentedly lighting a big, black cittar, he repeated his Brooklyn speech of the week before to the local press. "I thank you for your kind reception. One week from Wednesday night will decide whether I am the John L. Sullivan of old-or the John L. Sullivan passed " And then he boisted a few with his friends

By evening Brady, who had gone out to lay \$3000 on Corhett, was back excitedly. "My God, Jim. They're betting five to one on Sullivan!" "That's great!" replied Corbett. "Did

you put the money up?" Sheepishly Brady replied he had not, adding: "Don't you think. Jim, we'd better keep it in case you get licked?" That finally did it for Gentleman Jim. "Get out!" be exploded. "And don't you come back unless that \$3000 is on!" So even his own manager felt that way! "By God!" he cried aloud to the door, "Sullivan's not the only Irishman around-and they're

dama well going to find it out!" There was a guiety all over New Orleans that evening of September 7th, 1892, as the great champion and his friends mounted their open carriages and rode magnificently, singing and waving to spectators. It was approaching fight-time and the mighty cladiator, John L. himself, was on his way to toe the scratch against an upstart. "That's Sullivan!" cried the delighted crowds along the way. And three cheers rang from every corner. John had corners of rings all over the world down never felt better. He had even trainedafter his fashion-for this one. "By God, boys!" he told them. "Victory is in my

very bones !" Inside, going to the dressirfy-rooms, Bill Delaney wiped his forehead. They could still hear the shouts and joers from outside "I told you not to wear that outfit, Jim!" he stid again.

"And what did you want me to wear" a dirty cap, a turtleneck sweater and a pug's scoul?" asked Corbett sarcastically, "Let

them come and bet-we'll see how they lauch after that."

When it came time for the ring, John L. Sullivan walked out in his tights, robed and toweled beavily, his fine, luxuriant mustache gone now, his hair sbeared short to his skull. Under the robe the excited crowd could see his marvelous, slightly sloping shoulders. His big, still smelourd hands flexed eagerly as he moved. Then a great roar went up: "Sall-i-pan! Sall-ipan! Sull'd-spn!" they cried till the place shook It was just 8:55 PM. A crowd coti mated at 6-10,000 was nocked into the hot smoky auditorium. Of these some 5-6000 had shelled out an average of \$12.00. Seats went at from \$5.00 to \$25.00 officially, with ringside as high as \$100.00, under the table. The gate had been the most gigantic of its time-as expected: \$60,000, Besides Suffivan there would be other attractions: for the first time a gong would call the rounds, and five-ounce gloves would be used by both fighters, sounding the knell

for the bare-knuckle days. John L's work had borne results. For the challenger there was polite applause, a few hisses and some shouts. He walked out robed and toweled, also, but his legs were oddly bare. He saw the reception his opponent was receiving and his smile never left his finely-featured face. He had turned 26 on the first of September, six days before, and he had trained very hard, and he didn't believe in worry. He was ready

BUT he was also a ring general, and as he approached the square he saw that Sullivan was hanging back John wanted him in first, but Corbett wasn't having any, The two waited. The crowd waited, Finally Jim said: "You're the champion and I'm the short end, You're going in that ring first if we stand here all night?" Enraped by Corbett's nerve. Sullivan snorted scornfully. He grabbed the ropes and hounded in-and the crowd nearly went out of its collective head in the greates

ovation any fighter had ever beard. Corbett bit his lip, said nothing, and went in after the champ, who was acknowledging his reception. The floor was turf. At 8:30 the roof tarpaulits had been rolled back to let in air, but a sudden equall had fallen through on audience and turf before the turps could be unrolled. Worse yet, Jim had on solid soles for howing on plank. At least somebody had found sense enough to sprinkle sawdust over the wet turf. Cautiously Corbett began stepping quickly around his corner, "Hey . some fancy duncing!" yelled a wit. Jim didn't care. The footing was better than he'd expected. Unknowingly, from necessity, he'd created a before-the-fight ritual which would be enacted in perfectly dry

through boxing history Sullivan already had on his fighting glare: a bull-like, angry stare which had petrified many an opponent. Corbett saw it and smiled Sullivan looked madder. He had a "wicked eye" for Corbett, Gentleman Jim removed his robe and the audience reacted with hoots and yells. "Say, you forgot your pants!" howled a comic. Jim ignored it, then surpressed a laugh at seeing the champion's very genuine outrage and shock. Instead of wearing the traditional



like Jowett Pupil BILL BUTLER is now! a 52 inch CHEST like this Jewett coni



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tights and stockings, Jim was wearing betrunks so brief that they disappeared into co-

bis cristch.

Referee John Duffy called both men to center rine. Cerbett kept planing and because to imaginary friends in the crised.

Beckere John Schott kept planing and the crised.

was alone in three Ten thousand people were silent. The referee began reviewing the rules. Corbettly grint broadcred, Its creatilable looked cockours. Sollivan sowied and model up and down on his toes. Menninghot. Carbett's constant grin was pri-ting John L'St goals, and that was just what Jim wasted.

what Jim wanted.
"When I tell you to hreak I want you
to drop your arms," Duffy continued.
Jim Coebett suddenly sacered. "That's
very well," he said. "But suppose this
fellow takes a punch at me when I drop
my arms?"
"If he does. he'll lose the firth." restorted

Duffy as Sullivan turned blue with anger.

Coming in January Men:

BURMA NYMPH

Se was girl with only one goal in life; collecting see. And with Togya Rovenfield's equations, and the togya Rovenfield's equations, and the togya picked a juicy playeround to purade her lash warve, all to days of WII, when American volunteer figers were as eager to hold a woman as they were to the togy of the togy o



He kooked fit to commit murder by new Ignoring John's giner, Correlat repited, "That's all I wasted to know?" He pirited a town! of his probability of the pirited as the selfton of the pirited and the pirited as the pirited representation of the pirited and the pirited and the policies have been supported by the pirited and the representation of the pirited and the pirited and the representation of the pirited and the pirited and the representation of the pirited and the

John love him any more.

John L. Sullivan's weight had been correctly amounced as 212 pounds, but when
Corbett's was given as 195 it drew some
light lampher. The rules were amounced
as Marquis of Quenisherry, the match as
a title bout. Then the bell rang.

From the start Sollivan was the aggreror. He moved in an Corbett danced away, Gentleman Jim, cool and scientife, was Gentleman Jim, cool and scientife, was drawing he opposed out, learning all be could about Sollivarth teathics and strength, plan L., half-consolining it was Gentleman Jim's iden. Each time John L. with Corternal Jim's iden. Each time John L. hand to balance himed, then letting a terrific right no. But Corbett was back out in the custor of the man working starting made. John L. kept trying, He bored in angrily, cornering Jim in every corner, slapping his thich unconsciously before uncorking that deadly right. The round ended without a blow.

In the 2nd, Sullivan came to scratch, fasts up and ready for business. Jim teased. Sullivan swung and missed. Tried again, missed. Missed again. Jim danced hack: The crowd began hissing him and yelling: "Sprinter!"

"Sprinter!"

"Sprinter!"

Jim paused, holding up both hands to them, "Wait a while!" he announced cockily, "You'll see a fight!"

Just then John L. charged roaring with

them. "Wall a wine" he announced coraily, "You'll see a fight!"

Just then John L. charged roaring with anger, but Gentleman Jim was dancing off again without throwing a punch in return. At the end of the round the "pulleybirds"

gave the sweating John a great cheer. Corbett bounced to his correr and said to Brazily and Delaney: "Why I could whip his follow slugging." That threw them into a panic and they began pleeding with him out to take chance. "All right," he said, "but I'll take a good punch at him this more and the state of the said o

by, stopped suddenly, and that a hard rightlett combination into Sollowan hard.

This drew a first cheer for Gentleman Jim With a bellow John L. uncerdea a murderrow, nouth that hardy mixed. Use the contract of the contract of the contract of the charge of the contract again, Facing each other they exchanged blows, Cebett defily dedging Sullivans wide "fight-nedere" and side-stepping his namous choppers. Belllar John L. heeded Jim into a correct, similar journal lefts that mixed the weavier in a present lefts that mixed the weavier of the contract of the contrac

smashing left that recked Sullivan's bead back. The amazed crowd came to its feet with a rear. Who'd said this lid couldn't like? Their John L. found Jim's hattery driving him toward his own comer. As the bell mast her crowd was shortful land the champion broke off with blood streamer from a nose that had been fattered by Jimmy Wakely looked werried.

Jimmy Wakely looked werried.

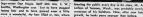
With the bell for the fourth, Sullivan

roared out and struck at empty sir, Corbett came up swinging for John's nose and as Sullivan recoiled the stream of red began again. From that point on James J. Corbett took over the fight, Jabbing, dancing, feint ing, weaving; throwing the new-style "hooks" he had perfected to safeguard his relatively weak knuckles; crossing in rights; picking his mark and sending butteries of solid nunches while making Sullivan miss his desperate hammer-blows and haymakers-Gentleman Iim Corbett began chopnine down a living legend right before the unbelieving eyes of the idol-worshippers He hit at will. He boxed as pobody in the history of the rine had ever boxed before His brief "shorts" had produced amuse-

ment and outrage—as everything about Gendleman Jim seemed to 60—in comparison with John L. v conventional ring attire. But now the crowd saw the purpose of this "outlandish" and "indecent" case tume. It was John L. Sullivan, the old, versus James J. Corbett, the new. They wer as different as their flighting tongs, as their bodies, as their dispositions, as their styles Nobody saw it clearer than John L. Jalims.

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he began using Brandenfels Home Mon, at his wife's urging. His "after" picture was taken two years later. New hope for boldness? This men will emphatically enterer YES!

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ing from them. Take a look at the unre touched pictures on this page. All these people THOUGHT their hair roots were dead. But their own before and after photos prove their hair follicles MUST HAVE REEN ALIVE. Today, as you can see for yourself, hair is growing from former hald areas

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#### THE DEADLY BROAD

continued from page 17

"Pm sorry," I said. "Pm afraid I was staring. I'm Max Raven." I moved past ber

to my chair hehind the desk.

She waited until Tel set down. Then she said, "The devater man her me in. My name is Cain, Naomi Caim," The diction was pure finishing school and grand our for graduation and the sound was moonlight falling on a rumpfold hef.

on a sumpoot hed.

I sucked in a slow hreath and hitched up
my chair. "What can I do for you?"

When she spoke I was in. Her voice had
shifted several degrees in intimacy and it
moved things inside you you'd forgotten
were there. "You were recommended to me
by Roscoe Shedd," she said. "I'm in trouble.
He like to retain you if you're free."

I worked that over for a minute, frowning, and then Roscoe Shedd registered and my surprise must have showed.

"I see," I said. "Then you're from New York."

It was hard to figure. She was a million miles out of Rosco's class. His speciality was an naturel pigron pic for lodge stags and

fraternity smokers. A flesh merchant. After they cast him, the mold collapsed. "Oh, no," she said. "T've lived in New York hut my hushand's home is here in Chicago. I left when we were married."

There was something in the way the said it. It was more than just a casual remark and something clicked. I connected the name with the finishing-school diction and the expensive clother. That Cain. The society page Cain. Cain Pharmaceuticals and God knows what click. Vague memories of Cain marrying a young wife rose dinaly in the hack of my mind.

"Mrs. Jedediah Cain?" I said. "Yes." she said softly.

I studied her with a new interest. I was in the presence of the truly anointed, the consort of a great khan. I found I couldn't quarrel with his taste. I had the impression that she was tremhine suddenly, halanced on a personal

I not the impression that see was tremhing suddenly, halanced on a personal tightrope of taut nerves. "You mentioned trouble," I said, "What kind of trouble, Mrs. Cain?"

She booked at her cigarette and said, "I'm heing blackmailed, Mr. Raven," "I guess that's trouble," I said. "What have they got?" "Telling a stranger is going to be a little difficult," she said, and then added besitantly, "I'm ashamed."

"You just hired ne, Mrs Cain," I said,
"I'm no stranger. Trouble is my life story,"
"I'm no stranger. Trouble is my life story,"
"I got out of high school in 1985. I was I'r
and I wanted to be an actress 20 I went to
New York with a hundred collars borrowed
from my high school English teacher. My
mother died that same year, Pre always felt
she was only waiting until I was on my own.
At any rate it took shout two versy to find

she was only waiting until I was on my own. At any rate it took ahout two years to find out I didn't have any acting taleat. But I photographed well and I was doing quite well is modeling when I met the man I planned to marry."

She looked at me very directly and said

cody, "I would be the than honest in a cody, and then cody, "I would be the than honest in a cody and then cody, and the cody and the c

"I wanted to he engaged and courted," in said, "so we were not married right away. I wanted to know all about him before the wedding, the romantic prebade to giftish dreams. I found out I found out things that once, would have made me turn and run hut because I loved him I dight.

At that age I suppose the worst sin is unsophistication."

"Leslic was obsessed with sex, Mr. Raven, He had a fantastic collection of pornography and little by little I saw it all. If you have ever seen the kind of pornography Tm talking about, you will probably understand when I say that I was fascinated as well as repelled. It was calculated to excite and if I said I was only sixtened I would be

for it. He had been in the war and wounded in the invasion of Italy and discharged. There was nothing wrong with him but he was hitter and territhy restless. I thought the pomography was just an outgrowth of this and a craving for excitement. I thought he

would change after we were married."

She looked down at her hands in her lap and waited a moment and then said quickly, "He made love to me. I wasn't seduced or tricked into bed. I was in love with him and I wanted him."

She stopped talking then and looked up and there was a soft hurt in her eyes. She seemed to have come to some kind of a mental hurdle she couldn't get over.

mental hurdle she couldn't get over.

I waited, pretty damn sure of what she was going to say and why it was difficult for her.

Then she said. "One night in his apart-

ment shortly before we were to he married he said he had something to show me. He hrought out a flat package. I had no idea what it was I opened it and there were some pictures. Lazge photographic shorups, mounted. He had n darkroom in his apartment. He was interested in photography.<sup>9</sup>

She haushed weakly and I could see her pulse hencath the pearls in the soft hollow of her throat fluttering like a leaf in a high wind.

"Oh, God, that's funny all of a sudden," she whispered. "He was interested in pho-

tography. The understatement of the year."

She buried her face in her hands.

I started to get up.

"No," she said. "Tm all right." She took her hands away and her eyes glistened. "I had them there in my lap," she said. "I had seen what they were but they were turned around and I didn't realize right away that

they . . . that they were . . . pictures of the two of us on his bed like those in his collection."

"Never mind, Mrs. Cain," I said. "I can figure the rest from there. When did the

pictures turn up again?"

She didn't answer right away. She got out another cignrette and I lettned forward and lit it for her. I was very close and her lips trembled and suddenly, incongraously, her humiliation was strongly sexual and I felt the rising tide of desire inside. It was like coming upon Queen Nefertiti in the crih of a two-dollar brothet. The lady

off her pedestal and stripped naked by circumstance.

I had to look away.

When I turned back to her she was looking at me oddly and for a wildly unhinged

ing at me oddly and for a wildly unhinged moment it was as though she'd heen able to guess what had passed through my mind. THEN in a calm voice she went on. "I was first contacted a month are. I had

gone with my husband Jed on the boat up to a piace we have in Door County on the Prainwals. It was there with the mail when my same on it, marked personal. A set of the pictures was inside with a note. I was to wait for a phose call. I not thim at a body of the property of the property North Side and paid him \$1,000 There was nothing I could do I. couldn't go to the police and I couldn't go to Jed. II that had But I was out of the questions of paid But I was cout of the questions of paid

"It troubled me hut I found explanations "I see. What did you get for your \$3,000?"
it. He had been in the war and wounded the invasion of Italy and discharged.
"And that was supposed to have been the bere was nothing wrong with him but he end of it?"

"That's what I was led to believe."
"What about Parminter?"
"I've talked to him. I saw him in New

them."

York ahout a week after Pd paid them. At first he tried to deny that he'd keep the pictures at all. Finally he admitted there had heen an extra set, of prints. There had heen a series of hutterfaires while he was in Florida hast winter and his apartment had been one of them. They took his collection, along with the other things."

"Are they after him too?"

"No," she said hitterly. Her face was very pale, the skin drawn tightly over the fine hone structure. "He had obliterated his face in the pictures. He couldn't be identified."

"How many are there?"
"Seven. They have the complete set."
"What did you mean when you said it
didn't seem as though the note could have
heen written by the man who met you?"
"It was the way he dressed, the way be

"It was the way he dressed, the way he talked. Here..." She opened her bog and took out a folded piece of paper. "That was early in July." She handed it to me "I received this yesterday," she said. "One of the pictures was with it. I can huy them hack for \$5,000 askies. one at a time."

My dear Mrs. Cain: I so thoroughly enjoyed our little tête-k-tête a short time hack that I

thought, since I'm to be out your way again, we might repeat it. The enclosed reminder of our mutual interest may be a disappointment to you in that you may have believed that aspect of our relationship had been terminated. If I misled you I feel compelled to apologize hut let me say too that, in regard to our previous discussion. I have since concluded there must be an end to all

things. My associates and myself have agreed to make it possible for you to purchase the authentic originals in which you expressed an interest. Since, however, artwork of this genre is exceedingly rare you will understand our reluctance to knock down the entire collection at once. Call it sentimental attachment or what you will on our part but should you still be interested we are willing to dispose of them over a period of time at \$5,000 each. I shall call you on the morning of the 2nd and look forward to meeting you again.

There was no signat

"Fun-loving bastard, isn't he?" I said. "I'll keep these," I said, and opened the drawer of my desk and dropped them in. "That will do it for now, Mrs. Cain. From what you've told me we may be dealing with an amateur. Perhaps someone who knew both Parminter and you. The use of a po-hetween-if the man you met was a po-between as you suspect-would indicate that. He can't deal with you himself for fear of being recognized. The notes, if the other one was the same, have an amateurish touch too."

What do you want me to do?" "Right now, go home and try not thinking about it. When he calls, you call me as soon as you have your instructions. Then do exactly as he tells you. I'll be watching. It's that crude, but it might pay off." "You haven't mentioned money," she said She reached into her bag and got out a thin red wallet of fine leather. She took two hills from it and laid them on the desk. They were hundreds. Crisp, clean hundred-

dollar bills. "Will this be sufficient retainer?" she said. "That will be fine," I said. I dug out my receipt book.

"I want those pictures, Mr. Raven," she said as I scrawled. "I know I'm going to be bled white unless you can get them for me. It would mean the end of everything with Jed if they ever got to him. I have menty of my own that will last a while but not a great deal. I can't go to him when that's gone,"

I blotted the receipt. "The day you hand them over to me," she said, "I'll pay you \$10,000 over and above your bill." I looked up. "That's very generous, Mrs.

Cain." The cool dark eyes flitted over my collar and up to my face. "I hope you don't think too badly of me," she said. "I wish . . ." "If that's the start of some sort of apology to me," I said, "it isn't called for, I don't

think anything at all." "Thank you," she said. "I'm very grateful." I pushed the receipt for the 200 across the desk and picked up the two bills. "Mivrates are 50 a day and expenses," I said "I'll be waiting for your call in the morning."

I rose

I leaned through the window. "Want a fare?" I asked. his paper.

She stood up, holding the straw victors hat and her bag in one hand and extended the other. She took your herath away. Watching her, I thought of Jedediah Cain, a man in his 60's even if he did have all the money in the Middle West

The next moroing I got down to the office early She phoned at 11:00. She had been called. She was to be at a place called the Lido Lounge on the South Side at 2:30. She gave me a number on West 63ed. It was the same deal as before Be there and wait. After lunch I drove south on Michigan

down to 60th then cut over to State down to 63rd At one end of the bar a white-lacketed

bartender was poring over a scratch sheet. The only other customer was sitting at the piano. He looked white from where I was standing. He was wearing dark classes. There was a shaker of something and a cocktail glass on the piano but he didn't need it. His hands were lazy long-legged spiders on the keys and the notes came dribbling out as if they didn't want to go and almost crept across the floor.

Nobody paid any attention to me. I nursed my scotch for 20 minutes or so and had another. The guy at the piane stopped playing and ambled toward me. He set the cocktail shaker and the class on the bar about two stools away. The bartender looked over and raised his evebrows. The piano player shook his head. The burtender looked away. The piano player took a cirszette from the pocket of his cost and lit it The reflection of the match flame wavered

in the dark glasses. He had a face like a tired Italian count and the eves behind the glasses were right on me for just an instant as he blew out the match. "Nice piano," I said. "Glad you liked it," he said. He dropped

the match in an ash tray, turned, and walked through a door at the back. Naomi Cain came in when the heavy clock behind the har was still two minutes away from 2:30. Our eyes met and hees pulled away. The bartender ducked underneath the bar and went over when she had picked a table where I could see her

The male lead in the drama of life in the blackmail jungle arrived before the bartender got back to her with her drink. I saw him as soon as he came in. He was small and quick and he wasn't a stooge picked off Madison Street for an afternoon of the errand boy bit. He was clean and shaved and his suit was pressed. To somebody else he might have been in insurance or used cars but to me he had grifter written all over him and he probably had a damn good notion of what he was miring in I took a good look and was on my way

out before he got to her table. The heat hit me like a cotton candy bludgeon. On the other side of the street I spotted a '58 Lincoln convertible with the top down and a spot of color on the windshield that was a suburban vehicle tax sticker. That would be Naomi Cain's car. About 10 feet from me on my side was a Yellow cab at the curb. The motor was running. I walked over.

"Got one," he said and went back to

I went down and hopped in the Chevy I pulled out, made a U-turn and headed down the street away from the direction the cab was pointed. At the coroer I turned and drove around the block until I was just around the coroer from where the cab was parked. Unless he made a U-turn himself he had to pass me at the intersection and I was betting he was headed for the

I would have won. The Yellow Cab can through the intersection headed east on 63rd. I gave him a block and pulled out after him Coming into the Loop I was only three cars hehind. I could see the back of the little grifter's bend. He was leaning back, relaxed

He got out of the cah at a Waltreen's drugstore on the Near North Side across the street from the Corinth Arms, a small medium-priced hotel. I curbed the Chevy and got out, and went into the Corinth lobby He took a quick peek at his watch and came across the street. He came right through the front door of the Cornith, rooped across the lobby not 20 feet from me, nicked up a key at the desk and was over at the elevator

punching the button with quick little inbs I was at the desk before the elevator not to the second floor. The cold, fastidious typefish behind it gave me the arched eyebrows and rising inflection "Yes?" rambi "That little guy who just picked up his key," I said "I'd like his name and room

number." He started an officious "I'm sorry sir, but," routine before he noticed I was snapping

a five-dollar bill between my thumb and forefinger. "Rasmussen," he said. "He's in 507." Room 507 was at the end of the corridor. I couldn't hear a thing inside. If there was

anybody in there with him they were a couple of lip readers. I walked down the corridor to another intersecting one where I could duck out of sight if I had to and waited. I was sure he was meeting somebody. He'd been watching the time like a referee The fifth floor of the Coroith Arms might

have been infested with bubonic placue for



"DON'T LOOK," she said, not real I could see everything in the mir all the traffic there was. I was on my second circurette. The elevator had been going up and down the shaft every few minutes. Then I heard it coming and the clunk as it stopped at the fifth floor. I ducked back. I heard the doors slide open, then close again and the clevator going down. I held my breath. It was very still. Then I could hear faintly the whispered tread of footsteps on the rubbertile floors of the corridor. Walking away from where I stood, Walking toward Room

I risked a quick look.

I got a back view of an expensive, smokyblue, cord suit admirably draped on a tall thin frame with road shoulders. He had a Panama straw on his head with a wide colorful blue-and-white hand and he was opening the door of a room up the hall from

I was looking at Mr. 505. I threw my cigarette on the floor and ground it out with disgust. When there was another crushed out right alongside it I got fed up with waiting. In the corridor any-

I went down and knocked on the door of There was about a ten-second silence behind the door. Then he said, "Who's there?" "Room service," I said. I could hear him

coming.

THE door started to open and be was saying, "I didn't order any-" hut I finished opening the door for him. Fast and hard, I knocked him back across the room and he was staggering, trying to stay on his feet. His eyes were peoped wide open, staring, and his face was as pale as a mermaid's brow. He went down on the small of his hack and I was well into the room and almost on him when two things registered. A Panama hat with a colorful blue-and-white band on the bed and behind me the half-open door of the hathroom. But hy then it was too late to do much about it. I got halfway around, twisting, and caught just a glimpse of an expensive smoky-blue, cord sleeve and a white shirt cuff before the side of my head exploded. . .

An intense hot light was hitting me in the face. It burt my eyes, I closed them and everything was red, a world of blood. Somewhere a faucet was dripping.

I got to my hands and knees. When I moved my head and opened my eyes a hig hall of hot lead rolled sickeningly inside my skull and I could feel the pain clear down to my heels. I was staring down at a pillow on the floor. It had been tucked under my

Down in the lobby behind the desk was a short hutterball. Bald and red-eved behind thick-lensed glasses.

I asked him if Rassuussen in 507 had

checked out. He hadn't, I asked about 505, He swiveled his red eves around and said, "Mr. Weaver?" "I ruess so." I said. "If he was in 505." I flipped my wallet open at him and he

looked impressed so I said, "Mind letting me are those resistration cards?" He pulled them and handed them over, "Mr. Weaver hasn't checked out." he offered. The resistration was pretty much what I thought it would be. One day, no lurgage,

nayment in advance. Leon Rasmussen, New York City, N. C. Weaver, New York City I gave the two cards back to Butterball.

Then I handed him a ten spot and my card and told him to call me if he saw

Weaver or Rasmussen again, By the time I got to my apartment I was ready to be counted out. My head was throbbing like the skins on a bongo drum doing Afro-Cuban. I stacked some pinno on the phonograph and turned it down low and went out in the kitchen and huilt a tall tinkly architecture of Haig & Haig Five Star and ice in a glass. I carried it into the bedroom and shed my clothes like a snake in April coming out of his old skin. By the time I was down to my shorts, his benutiful beads of condensation were trickling down the side of the glass. I sat on the edge of the bed and held the coldness of it against my face for a long minute and then took a deep pull. I could feel it fan out through the

corpus, feathery tendrils creeping along the jangled circuits and soothing my bewildered gandion clusters. I sipped my drink, thinking, then I called Naomi Cain A man answered. There was a hutlerish

flavor to his voice, I asked for Mrs. Cain. "Who is calling, please." "Tell her Mr. Raven."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Raven, but Mrs. Cain is not here. She was expecting your call, however, and left a message." He gave me a Winnetka number to call. I dialed it and it rang for a long time without much in the way of any positive action. I let it. Finally a woman answered. I could hear people talking and laughing in the

for Mrs. Cain. "Oh, Naomi?" she said. "Hold on. I'll get her for you." I waited some more. Somebody got a hig

laugh in the background. The rich at play. I took a vicious slug of my scotch. Then she was on the other end. Her voice was like cooled honey. "Max Rayen, Mrs. Cain," I said, "I'm afraid I have bad news."

\*OF 3a "Can you talk?"

"No, not now. Can you come out to the house later?" "I've got a couple of leads yet to work on. I couldn't ret there much before eleven." "That's all right. I'll expect you, Can you

find it?" "Give me a rough sketch."

"Just follow Sheridan Road, You can't miss it after you get to Kenilworth, You'll come to a quite long wall. There's a hure iron cate. The name is over the archway." "Pll find it." She had sounded fine. Not a tremor of

disappointment. Just that calm collected voice like flawless drawn tilk and a composed serenity, completely unperturbed. The butler told me she was at the beach house and I walked across the garden to

the small huilding he had pointed out. I knocked on the door but there didn't seem to be anyone around. I stepped inside. "Mrs. Cain?" I said.

The light was from a lamp with an orange shade on a rustic-looking table at one end of a long low couch against one wall. The knotty oine paneling and the low light gave the room a snug look with deep shadows in the corners where the light did

On the couch in the full light of the lamo was a fluffy terrycloth robe, a towel, and

on the rug below a pair of clog sandals, a hra and a pair of panties. She was swimming, the butler had said.

I hoped like hell she was. I got out to the beach again fast. There was just the merest whisper of a breeze and the water was almost flat calm. Naomi Cain was nowhere in sight.

Then I saw a flat dark squarish shape floating way out. A raft. It was hard to we with the reflection on the water but I thought I could make out someone lying on it. I called her name and the figure moved, stood up and then waved. She swam in to the shallow water and

rose to her feet effortlessly and came walking toward me. The noonlight limned her in silver caucht in the c'roplets of water on her skin. Her face a.. in shadow so I couldn't read the expression but her teeth flashed white in a smile as she approached and held out her hand. I took it. It was warm and wet.

"I see you found your way all right," the said We reached the door and I stood back to let her enter. She moved abrad of me

with the lithe, easy swing of the feline and I let my eyes rove. I couldn't have stopped them if I'd wanted. The bare, smooth back, the small waist and the sweetly rounded curve of her hips flexing as the long, shapely thichs and less moved, made you sweat a little just to watch. It was there, but it was so good it was hard to believe

She walked over to the couch and picked hackground. Sounded like a party. I asked up the towel, then reached up and plucked off the rubber hathing cap. She shook her head and the thick dark hair fell to her shoulders and down her back. The white flawlessness of her skin was a pule gold in the light from the lamp and the black, oneniece bothing suit clung to the concavities and convexities of her figure like a coating of oil. Her breasts were small but high and round. I tried not to stare but it was an effort.

> HE WOULDN'T TALK, until I did the same nes to him that he'd done to me. . .



She looked over at me and for a moment there was something as tangible as ozone in the air. Then she said, "Now if you'll for us a drink and keep your back turned Pil art out of this wet suit. The honor and places are in the cabinet and there's ice in the thermos on the table. Pd like a scatch and sods in a tall class with lots of ice. please "

I turned my back and went over to the cabinet and opened it. I sported immedia ately the pinched profile of the hrothers Haig and the classic simplicity of a Johnnie Walker bottle. I took the ninch and selected two tall glasses and a bottle of sods and turned to elbow the door shut and almost dropped my armful. On the inside of the cabinet door was a

CLEARLY visible in the glass, Naomi Cain, naked and beautiful, was bending forward patting her out-stretched leg with the towel, her hreasts shaking softly like pendant fruit I stood watching, unable to tear my eyes away. She finished the one leg and started on the other one and I stood there en-

thralled like a prurient kid at a knothole in the bathhouse wall, After a long long minute I closed the cabinet door and carried my armful of glass over to the table. Behind me I thought I could hear the rustle of clothing. I fixed the drinks like a blind man, not seeing what I was doing. The image of her in the mirror

was burnt on the back of my mind "Okay?" I said. "All right."

I turned around. She was knotting the helt of the terrycloth rabe around her waist. I carried the drinks over and handed her one. She took it with a grateful sigh and sank down on the couch "I think I'm prepared now," she said. Tell me." I moved to my chair, sat down, took a

long slug of the scotch and told her. She listened without a flicker of emotion. Just those cool dark eyes on my face "Was there anyone who knew about the pictures besides Parminter and yourself? Did you tell anyone?"

"I was living at the time with a girl named Paula Norman," she said. "She was a close friend and I told her. Later I was dating a musician. His name is Ferarri. Dino Perarri. It got serious before I knew it wasn't going anywhere. You know how those things are. You think this is it and you tell things to each other. He wanted to kill Parminter when I told him." She smiled, the edges of her mouth scornful.

"I restrained him." "It just doesn't have the planned touch of the pro," I said. "This dangling the nictures in front of you is the oddhall thing. A prn wouldn't, Too many chances." "Then that leaves someone who knew

me." "Using Rasmussen would indicate that he doesn't want to be recognized but Raymonsen is a pro. A small-timer but a pro. So is the character we want is using him, there's a connection with the underworld. This throws it the other way again. I think I'll find a lot of answers in New York, I can check on him and find out about the job at Parminter's."

"Tomorrow night, I think, or Sunday Something might break on the leads I have " She held out her class "Could I have another one of these, please?"

I got up and found it for her Then I went over and sat down. The discarded swim suit was on the floor in a hear with the towel and the bra and panties. I took a slur of my drink and let my even brush across them slowly. Then we both knew what I was talking about and that I wanted her and that I was down well aware she was naked underneath that robe "Perhaps we'd better go up to the house." she said, "I can give you the old addresses I have on Paula and Dino," She stood up and turned off the lamo

She was moving toward the door I was right behind her I reached out and touched the back of has shoulder

She soun around, Her hands were up and her eyes were wide and her beautiful mouth half open. It was an unmasked face and there was fear there and pleading but something else too. My hand was on her shoulder and I let it slide down, grasning her arm. She could have pulled away but the thing in the eyes warned me didn't. She made a hazely audible protest and even as I pulled her into my arms and brought my mouth down on here, she was mouthing words that might have been "don't," but the open lips moving on mine and the trembling of her and the arms tightening around my neck made it just

I picked her up in my arms and carried her over to the couch. Her head nestled against my throat. "Hurry," she whispered, "hurry." I eased her down on her back and she took her arms around my neck so I bulk of him towered, a deeper blackness could peel off the robe, arching her back so I could slip it out from under her. The moonlight poured through the open door. Her eyes were tightly closed and her face tilted back, her throat a long lovely line and her mouth forming words that weren't for anybody or anything but just that consum-

ing need that I'd touched off like a match to a fast hurning fuse I found two cigarettes for us, lit them and handed one to her. I sat on the edge of the couch. She made no move to retrieve her robe on the floor. Her body was a long, white, beautiful shape in the moonlit room. I could feel the pressure of her thighs curied against my back. She lay looking up at me and smoking

"Would you believe me if I told you I didn't want this to happen?" she said. "Yes," I said.

She took a deep drag on her cigarette and the fiery glow illuminated her face. A beautiful face, not cool now but warm and intimate and relaxed. Her eyes were soft shadows. I leaned over and kissed her threat. Her fingers caressed the back of my neck

it out in the ash tray alone with mine and started to get up. "Max," she whispered I turned back and her arms came up around me, pulling me down. Jodediah Cain must have been even older

than I thought. . In the morning, I called the airlines office and made a reservation for a New York flight. By then it was ten o'clock, 11 in New York, so I dialed long distance and made my other call. It took about 15 minutes. It was a little after 6:00 when I ent back to the anartment and out the Chevy in the narkine lot, I walked over to the rear entrance and there was a guy standing to one side of the small entrance light. A big guy, just leaning against the building as if he was waiting for someone. I had my hand on the door knob when he spoke to me He asked if I had a light in a voice that came rumbling up from the bottom of a well Without thinking I reached for my matches. He had the unlit cirarette in his

mouth and moved over toward me. I struck the match and held it up, cupping it in my hands. He leaned toward it and I got a good look at him. He was as hig as a house, a Negro in a sharp, chocolate-brown suit with a parrow nin strine and wide lands ten years behind the times. He wore a tan-andwhite-checked vest, a white on white shirt with a long-pointed coller and a willow sith tie impaled by a gleaming pearl stickpin, His hat was cream-colored with a wide bring that shadowed his face but the match flame wavered across the scar tissue, the black besten brows and the flattened nose. Some-

His fist couldn't have traveled more than a foot but it tore into me like 50 pounds of lead. It caught me just above the heart and my arms went down and out at the impact and the gut-sucking, breathtaking pain of it. I tried to catch my breath but my throat only tightened, closing off my air, and I fell backward, the night glazing my eyes. I felt someone catch me and I was half-carried. half-pushed out of the pool of light by the

I was being held up. In front of me the against the night, and he was laughing deep in his throat at the sounds of me trying to breathe. "You wheerin' a little, man," he said "What's de matter? You cain' get you wind?"

I felt the someone holding me up laughing silently. "C'mon," the big one said. "Up on you feet. We just pettin' stahted " Then he kicked me, the hard toes of his shoes driving into my shins like a dull ax and I felt the tears start from my eyes "Lif'm un." he said and the other one

lifted me so that my arms were up and my sides open. I felt my shirt come out of my belt and the cool night on my bare skin. The big shadow came in close. "Heah's a few you feel tomorrow," he said, and the huge fist crashed into my side.

Then the real going over began, the left then the right, the left, the right. The pain was so intense I screnmed and it came out a strangled grunting noise against a harsh sleeve, hut I didn't go out. I slumped in the arms that held me and, cupped in the crushing agony of the pain, a small part of She handed me her cigarette and I stubbed me stayed conscious while the rest of me tried to die. It concentrated on what he had looked like. It remembered that scarred

And then it was over. "Leave him go," he said. I felt his hie hand close around my shirt front. I sugged and he pulled me up to him. His breath was

in my face. Sweet breath, Sen-Sen overlaid on alcohol. He whispered at me, "You not out, is you? C'mon." He grabbed my nose and twisted. I made noises.

"Listen now," he said. "I got a memage for you, Just like Western Union. Don' fool aroun' wit fine Cain thing no more. Unnastan? You do an nex' time we gonna complete de joh." Then he hrought his knee up hard in the pit of my stomach and his flat hand whipped back and forth across my face and he let me collapse.

"You notice I dint such you face or crotch-kick you none, huh," he said, and then I heard the sound of their heets going off and in a little the sound of a car rediline

The doc said a few days in bed and I might be able to get down some bread and milk and keep it down. I got some pills for the pain from him and got him the hell out of there. I took the pills and managed to straighten up. Then I started walking. Back and forth across the living room, the radio nlavine classic stuff and some guy with a vastly comforting voice selling American Airlines, walking it out. After a couple of million foccy miles of it the wound-on rubber band in my stomach heran to unwind, I got some water down and it stayed down. Even with the nills I hart like hell in a displaced way but the tiebtness that could eripple me was disappearing. When I switched out the light and finally crawled into bed it was gray nutside.

BANNERMAN was in his office sudding, on his test have I get there. He was a tought orp and a good one and hard how as tought orp and a good one and hard how a series of the series of t

The old surgeant downstains pushed on a dying pipe and said, "Big colored strong-arm guy, hah? I got loss of them." We went in and I sat down before the long file of cards. He said, "Lemme know when you're through," and went out trailing the thin smoke of his stale nine behind into the thin smoke of his stale nine behind

It didn't take long. He wann't wearing a sharp pin stripe and the number around his neck would never be a substitute for the par trickpin and the yellow silk the but there be wan. Three wann't are, mystake. His name was Offiver Washington Davis. He had a nice long string of pickups and had played command performances down at Joliet.

a nice long string of pickups and had played command performances down at Joliet. He gave me his last address, a place called the New Century Hotel, on 65th. It was an old tired hullding in an old tired block, Its face had fallen like an

aging whore's I checked the .38 and got the hlack leather sap out of the glove compartment. My stomach was tight and I waited a little until it unkinhed itself. Then I slipped the sap into my hack pocket, got out of the car and walked across the street.

The lobby was pocket sized with thirsty

potted palms and melting mobair.

The deck clerk told me Room 304. The hallway smelled of musty carpeting and a torn, forlorn shade shapped softly in the window where the curpet came to un end.

I gave the door a gentle showe and stepped back. It swang open all the way.

Through it I could see the bed. Big Olike.

ge Davis was home. He had some interesting

I stepped inside and closed the door quirity behind me, the 35 in my hand. They were both dead to the world. He was prasued out face downward, his lips making fluttering noises into the pillow. The while hump of his hurk rose and fell like the ponderous skipling of a huge bellows. One arm was thrown out arrows the girl. She was on her back, her breauss ankedly purphrast like two scoops of checolais inc

19, sleek, with delicate proud nostrils and good hair. His sharp, pin-stripe suit, shirt, vest and yellow silk tie were draped over one chair. On the other and on the floor beside it were her dress, shoes, skip, garter belt.



"YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE," Parminter kept saying, till I showed him he was wrong

panties and bra. Her nylons had been earefully hung over the back.

I didn't see any sign of a shoulder harness.

I took the chance that Ollie hadn't sune

to bed with a pun.

I walked to the foot of the hed. He was close to the edge, the mattress sagging under his weight. Switching the 3.3 to my left band I reached over with my right, took hald of the theet and jerked it off. I grashhed his sabile, pulling hard over to the left, flipping him out onto the floor, aware at the same time of the naked girl, a flashing of hrown legs.

He hit hard, flat on his back, and I switched the 38 back into my right hand and moved well away from the bed, "Don't try anything, Ollie," I warned, and to the girl, "Don't scream."

"Over in the corner," I said, "Back to me, hands up flat on the wall. Move." "Yassuh, cap'n," and he moved. "Old Olfie in de neutral cohnab wit his hands flat up on de wall." He thought it was funny. I turned to the girl. She had given up trying to hide herseli and was kneeling on the bed watching me with wide eyes. I slipped the sap out of my back pocket

and went over to him.
"Well, here we are," I said.
"Yassah."

"Didn't expect to see me again so soon, bub?"
"Dat's de truth."
"Who hired you to work me over. Olie?"

I said softly.
"I don' know, cap'n."

I swung the sap hard and hit him just above the left kidney. He grunted and his head huur but he didn't move his bands of

"Who paid you, Offic?"
"Cap's, I don' know."
I swung the sap again down hard on the

I swung the sap again down hard on the right kidney and he sucked in his hreath and I got him again in the left on the hackswing. That got a moon out of him. "Who, Offic?"

"Cap's, you can best up on me all day long and I can't tell you what you wants know casse I just don't know. You think I gomm take a bestim' to boot for a couple humoud dollinh? No, ruh, I sin't." I swung the sap and be crumpled to his knees.

I waited till be got up.

Then we repeated the sequence.

He couldn't get up then. He got into a

sitting position in the currer with his best hasping down so he chest and started (shiling. He was oppoing wer with avera and a thin interns of his doct nickled down the side which is the side of the contract of the you be just call on de planes, say be wast a you be just call on de planes, say be wast a fishib best up. He willing to pay us a couple hasmed dollhis agience. Dou's aver say who hasmed dollhis agience. Dou's aver say who can be supported to the side of the hast best and the side of the side of the time. Although the pay in and das de well. Hescut to prawl, das all I know and the side of the side of the side of the There was a plan see the foor by the

bed. I picked it up and wiped it with the theet. The whisiey was some ofbest hieraled staff hat I poured myself a small joit and downed it. Office want moving and the gid over on the bed was making mereling sounds. The beating had excited byr. I looked over and the was hereathing hard, her hereats like hard dark plams. She caught my eyes and moved unmistakably. I turned save.

"I hope you noticed," I said to Olie, "I didn't crotch-kick you or scar your face," "Yasub, you was real polite. I guess we even all right."

even all right."
"Sure," I said.
Then I turned around and walked out of there and down the shahby stairs, feeling like I preded a hath

My flight to New York got me in Monday afternoon.

I checked into the Lancaster Hotel on

I Lexington Avenue, got the phone and made my call.

By the time I'd showered and shaved he was here. I came out of the bathroom

and there was a knock on the door. I opened it and he waddled in without a word and not down. Father Bass must have weighed 300

Pd heard somewhere once that his given

name was Sidney but no one I knew had ever known him as anything but Father. Like you call a redeal "Reof," Sidney Bass was called Father. It fit. In his wrinkled was called Father. It fit. In his wrinkled behalf the second with any he located like what the father of a based bound, the trajet bad the face of a based bound, the trajet size size and likely he was the december of the property and the size of a based bound, the trajet size had been seen as well as the size of the size of a based bound, the trajet size had seging chilm. He was a fence, a merchandiser of stolen goods with a taste for a rare wises and there-assed girk. He financed

chandiser of stoken goods with a taste for rare wines and teen-aged girls. He financed criminal endeavor of all kinds if it promised a proofs, disposing of diamonds or denim with the same sure hand that directed transnctions in begus bills and art treasures. His contacts were legion.

Contacts were legion.

If anyone I could contact knew anything about the looting of Parminter's apartment Father Bass would be the one.

His moist eyes inspected me slowly and

deliberately. "You look good," he said. "Chicago must agree with you."
"I like it."

didn't we?" he said

"I never have. Hideous city. I never go there any more." Eventually we would get to the subject at hand.
"I believe we agreed on 200 dollars.

I got my wallet out of my coat and gave him the money. "I regret to say, Mr. Raven, that I have

very little for you," be said as he pocketed it. His lower lip protruded like a thick rose petal hright with swittle

petal bright with spittle.

"I know of this Parminter fellow," he said. "His father left him a textile fortune which he is striving to dissipate in as rapid and wanton a manner as possible. A well is every sense of the term, a lower of 200-dollar call-pirit flesh with exotic urges to

ward experimentation, I am told."
"So I've heard."
"My point is this, Mr. Raven. I know
this building in which he lives. The kind of
joh you suggest would be extremely difficult

joh you suggest would be extremely difficult and by no means worth the risk involved. The building is well protected, the chances of apprehension high."

"It would have to be an inside ish."

"Yes, of course, and one more possibility."

I must have looked blank. He almost

smiled.
"Yes," he said, sniffing. "One more which is easily overlooked. Could you have been misinformed? Perhaps there was no theft at all. Would there be, in that in which you

all. Would there be, in that in which you have an interest, any reason for such sub-terfuge?\*\*

He had given it to me and the whole picture did a flip flop in my mind. A lot of

things began to fit.

He stayed a while longer, trying to learn what I was working on. I was vague, Fi-

naily he heaved himself up out of the chair, waddled to the door and left. Suppose, as he'd said, the Parminter apartment hadn't been looted at all? But why would Parminter have said it was if

apartment hadn't been looted at all? But why would Farminter have said it was it is wasn't true, and if it wasn't true how did wasn't true, and if it wasn't true how did wheever had the pictures get them? A friend? A servant of his? Someone who had known about the pictures known her and known about the pictures too? He wouldn't be likely to leave them bying around for a servant's eyes. That left someone he'd shown them to or Paula Norman or Dino Ferarri.

I picked up the Manhattan directory and

checked the P's. The address listed for him was in the sixties on upper Fifth. When I called Parminter, his voice was

iry to the point of complete boredom.

"Yes," he said, "of course Pd like to see a friend of Naoms's, but I'm going to be tied up tonight. Some other time. Later this week, perhaps, old man."

"It's about the pictures of her, Parminter," I said casually.

I beard him suck in his breath. "Oh," he

I beard him suck in his breath, "Oh," he whispred. "Come about 8, then, will you, and we'll talk about it." His voice became firm again as he regained control. At 8 sharp, the doorman let me in, and I rode up to the penthouse floor in a gleam-

Not to be protected from a gentlem in gentlem and the many control of the prints of pole action on the walls, blue skies and green grass, brown arms and lean faces with flashing white text, stiff-legal faces with flashing white text, stiff-legal barses. There was a foor with a diminutive wought-iron knocker which made as diminutive a knock as I'd heard in a long time. The door oppored and Parminter's must

was there, all thin-lipped smiles and obsequiousness.
"Come in, sir. Mr Parminter is expecting you. Won't you follow me, please?"

WAS led down a short hallway to a sunken living room which any male would have given his eveteeth for and in which probably any number of females had already given theirs or the conjugatent thereof The carpeting was the swollen blue-black of cumulo-nimbus clouds and the criling slant. ed up to a vast skylight which offered the night and the stars. The room was softly lis hy two lamps on low tables near two sofes that sat facing each other across ten feet of white, fluffy throw rue. The furniture was fat, mellow stuff in salt-and-pepper fabrics and creamy leather. The son of a hitch actually had a bearskin rug. A Kodiak that must have stood 15 feet tall. The most leebcross look I've ever seen on any bear's face, hut then I guess this one had been there and back

"This way, sir," the butler said, and led me down a carpeted hall to a closed door. I heard gigglings and sounds of splashing from behind the door. The butler

ing from behind the door. The butter knocked loudly and said: "Mr. Raven is here, sir."

More giggling, a canary-like twitter, then

above pagaing, a canary-like twitter, then
a beery, loose-mouthed voice said: "Tell
him to go away, request the honor of his
presence next week. I'm in conference."

"But, Mr. Parminter, he's here now,"

"Well, make him disappear, you do it
with my wiskey, do it with him."

I'd had shout enough of that foolishness. Shouldering the hutler aside, I kicked the door open and walked in.

door open and walked in.

The sight that greeted me did not astound me, but then I've never lived a sheltered life.

In a bathroom the size of a baschall park, decorated with enough rold, marble and mirrors to put the Palace of Versailles to abune, were Leich Parminer, tumned, hawknessed, dressed in evening clothes, and his "contrex." I could suddenly understand varieties, and the statement of the statement of the bathroom of the statement of the bathroom of the statement of

pictely unclothed.

She wasn't, but it was a cloth thing. She was wearing sheer, flush-colored underwear, that, since it was wet, clump to her with all the loving attention to detail a man could ever dream of.

In one finely-chiseled hand, she held a champagne glass, from which she was about to sip. She was standing up to her knees in a hathtub roughly as hig as a swimming pool, which was filled nearly to the hrim, and splashing her less about happily.



"NEED SOCKS?" I said, catching her in my valise. "Sorry you're not my size"

She smiled coyly at me, no doubt having seen the particular look in my eyes a few thousand times in her life and squeaded. "Oh, do come in, it's so squigely and ... yearchy." She took a mouthful of champane and rolled her laughing eyes at me and for a moment I wouddn't have been satounded to find myself climbing in. "Can it. Mosica," Parmitter said, frown-"Can it. Mosica," a "armitter said, frown-

"Life it, Monace," Parminter said, frownict. Then to me: "Do you always go busting into people's bathreoms, Mr. Raven." I "Listen, Parminter, you knoy why..." I started to say, but stopped as he pelled a Samural sword off the wall (Lord knowswhat it was supposed to add to the decor of the bathreom) and came toward me.

the bathroom) and came toward me.
"Til have to ask you to leave, wise guy,"
Paraninter snarled. He was, I could see, well
spiked on the champagne.
There was nothing for me to do but un.

load one on him. He landed on his back in the tuh with a psysering splash, and I sadd: "Tell Mosica to pull herself together and take a walk around the park. You and II have things to talk about I'll be waiting for you out there," I ended, motioning over my shoulder toward the living room my shoulder toward the living room.

I turned around and stalked out down the hall to the living room. The fixings were behind the bar and I poured myself a brisk one with a slue of soda. It was good Scotch and by the time he came in I was on my second one.

"Good Scotch," I said.
"Make yourself right at home, don't

I took another slug and smiled. He came over and leaned on the har, Now he was wearing a dressing gown of navy blue with tiny white dots, over white pajames. The point of his jaw was red where Pd hit him. He was a lot of man at first look. Much wind and sun had tanned his skin to a ruddy glow and shot a light streak

through his dark hair. "How much do you want for them." he said slowly, "and how do I know this will

he the last time I'll ever see you?" I watched his face and those blue even "Ven've not me wrong, Parminter," I said. "I didn't come up here to sell anything, My name is Rayen. I'm a private investicator. Mrs. Cain has retained me to recover

the nictures." "God help her." he said.

"I was hoping you might be counted on for a little of that." I said. "Whatever made you think so?" "Let's say I think you own it to her." I said. "You took the pictures without her

knowledge, said you destroyed them when you hadn't What it boils down to is you started the whole thing. I should think you'd be glad to help end it." "Ven insolent can of a hitch." he said. "Who the hell are you to come up here

You've got some wrong ideas you'll need setting straight on " I went back and sat down on one of the stools at the har.

He kent a nice tight grip on his control. "Now that's one of the things that needs retelling In addition to ber other more mouth watering attributes. Naomi is one of the world's most facile and charmine little lines I buckily found this out before she

waltzed me up the aisle. I'll tell you why the engagement was broken off. It was because I called it quits. Not her, And this was considerably after the pictures in

question were taken," He took a nip from his class "I called it off because I found out she'd been cheating on me. Does things to your ego, you know. You don't feel quite the same Ever been cheated on, Raven?" "Theesn't matter." he added thickly. "Caught her here with her pants down. Right here.

Musician. Piano player. Dammed good one too.10 "Who was the my?" I asked.

"The piano player?"

"Is that important?"
"Maybe," I said softly. "Was his name Rerrari 20

He showed the proper surprise. "That's right," he said. "Dino Ferrari." "Yon sound as if you know him pretty mall 20

"That's very perceptive of you," he said easily, "Yes, I did get to know Dino. He got the same treatment from her after a hit. Showed up here one night with some friends of mine to a party I was giving. This was some time later, of course, Wounds had healed and all that, you know. What the hell, hy then I knew I was well rid of her. No point in taking it out on him. I'd have done the same thing in his shoes We tied a little one on together and talked the whole thing over. We hit it of well. You can see how there was this thing between us

"Sort of like fraternity brothers," I offered. "You were going to tell me about the

pictures." "I was, wasn't I?" He sloshed some more of the bourbon into his glass. When it had risen to the proper level and he had decided how I was to hear it, be asked, What did she tell you?"

I told him.

"That's typical," he said, "Oh, I took the nictures all right and it's true she didn't know they were being taken, but don't kid yourself by believing she was so horrified she couldn't stand the sight of me. Do I look stunid?"

wondered if he expected an answer. "I'm not." he said, "Don't kid yourself on that either. If I hadn't thought she was roing to get a bang out of them do you think I'd have shown them to her? Think about it."

"Then she never asked to have the pictures destroyed?" "That's something else. About six months after I broke off with her she came up here one night. She really looked like hell, like she'd been sick. Called first and said she wanted to talk to mr. I told her to come

ahead. When I saw her I thought at first she was going to hit me for a loan. Turned out she wanted the pictures. Said she wanted to see that they were destroyed. I

told her she needn't have troubled herself. I had already gotten rid of them." "And she believed you." "Ves she did."

"But as a matter of fact the pictures had not been destroyed at all?" "That, lamentably enough, is the truth."

"Why'd you fix it so you couldn't be recognized in the pictures?" I said. "It was not my face I was interested in, Pauma D He was cool. Real cool.

"When was your place robbed?" "Last winter. I was in Florida at the time."

"What did they take besides the pictures? Or was it only the pictures?"

"Why, no." "What else?" "Why, whatever was out. Some of my

iewelry. A lot of photographic equipment. Whatever was valuable. "Iroured?"

He thought quickly hat I was watching for it. "No." he said. "As a matter of fact I wasn't." "That's ndd," I said, "Most of the wealthy men I've ever known are insured up to

their eveteeth. If nothing else they usually have some kind of a flexible policy. Covers all kinds of losses." "Was it reported to the police?"

"No" "Why not?"

"I hardly saw any point." For a minute I let him think he was putting it over. Then I nailed him. "You're a lying son of a hitch, Parminter," I said. "This place was never knocked off at all." "You took your face out because you gave a set to Dino Ferarri." I said. "You

two got friendly after she'd dromed both of you and you thought it would be nice if good old Dino had a set of the pictures too. She wave you the air and you didn't like that, so you figured this might be a nice way to get back at her. It wouldn't

do if your face showed, but you fixed that by taking it out. Right, Parminter?" I had to give him credit for trying. I'd shaken him but he tried to hugh it off. "That's abourd," he said. The classic rejoinder of the affluent accused.

"Yeah," I said, "I'll show you how goddamned abourd it is." I walked over to the phone. I patted my inside coat pocket. "I have an affidavit here from Mrs. Jededish Cain," I said. "It's a simple statement of fact about extortion threats she's received. It states in full your involvement. All I have to do is pick up this phone and call the police. I'll ask that they bring a search warrant with them. They don't like private investigators but the affidavit will be enough to convince them. They'll search, Parminter. With a good lawyer von might he able to convince them you're no blackmailer but they'd slap a possession of pornography charge on you, and then there'd

be all the poblicity too. That's the rough-He didn't say a word. PICKED up the phone slowly and started to dial. He let me go four out of the seven digits.

est part, the publicity."

"Goddamn you," he said. "Where are they?" "I'll get them," he said dully. It was as she had told me. He was a



### "YOU'RE EASY PICKINGS," I said, just as his boy introduced a gun to my head. . . .

and tell me what I ought and ought not to do?" "Okay," I said. "Feeling as you do, there's no point in my staying. You've called me a few names and I've drunk

your scotch. I came up here with the right attitude. You don't think so. You're my bost, I'll leave, If you should have a change of heart I'm staying at the Lancaster on Lexington. "I can get the details on the robbery

from the cops," I said, throwing it away lightly but not too light. Then I turned and started ont. He called me back before I'd taken ten

"Come back and sit down," he said. I turned and looked at him. "Til help you," he said. "But there are some things I intend you to hear first. cosmoisseur of filth. Very elegant filth, imaginatively depicted filth, but filth non-theless. If I knew anything about the going prices for the kind of stuff I was leafing through, three must have been a tidy little fortune in the box. She had said it had excited ber. I felt it too. It stirred things in me and sickened me at the same time.

I booked at the prints, one by vans. Seven of ber with Parminter as the head said. They were not what Jededish Cais could have stood much of, but then I was not been seven to be the print of the print and the print of the prin

be recorded in such traphic personautes. The citizh had not shi believes were of The citizh and not shi believes were of Naomi Cain alone, evidently taken at the same time. Nusel: In one she ast on the edge of the bed, leaning forward to peel of a stocking. In the other she way stand-off of the bed, leaning forward to peel of a stocking. In the other these way standards which the had just rises to her feet and shaken in the had just rises to her feet and shaken the standards. The two were done over her shoulders. The two were done had been the to the others. They might have hung in a gallery, studies of a heautiful woman un-

There were nine negatives on the two strips of film

I took out matches and lit the first print and hid it on the historined grate of the fireplace. The other six I fed into its flames and then the negatives. The two nudes of ber about I could not here. When there was only a charred and blackened mass on the grate I turned to Parminter.

He made a point of staring at the two prints in my hand. "I'll keep these two," I said. "For your private collection," he sneered.

For your private collection," he sneered. I retired the string on the envelope. I made a slow husiness of it. When it was fastered I gave him my attention, "Don't push too hard, Tager," I said. "You've got what you want. Why don't

you leave?"
"Just one more thing," I said, "Where's Ferarri?"

"I wouldn't know. I haven't seen him in ges." I didn't move to leave.

"Do you think I give a dama about Ferarri? II I knew where he was I'd tell you. Perhapi would induce you to leave." There wasn't any point in his lying. Minus the pictures be was out of it now. "It's been a pleasure, Mr. Parminter," I said. "Don't bother sering me to the

"That," he said icily, "never entered my

It is thin have the hast word What the left. I pat verything else. I left has a least of the left has a least to left has a least to colcid. I hadder start nine has a least Parmitter's fine south had based away and give the superposed to the left hadder and house on West 50th. Then a very Lebon of Parmitter's left hadder to the left hadder of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the envirope on the rest of Nami Can in the can in the can in the can of Nami Can in the can in the can in the can of Nami Can in the can in the can in the can in the same place to eat on Lexis and the can in the same place to eat on Lexis and the can in the can of the can in the same place to eat on Lexis and the can in the can in the can of the can in the can of the can in the can of the can in the can of Nami Can in the can of Nami Can in the can of Nami Can in the ca , found the light switch in the dark when someone said, "Max?" It was the last voice in the world I ex-

pected to hear.

I stipped on the light and turned around.
Sitting on the edge of the bed with her beautiful legs crossed was Naomi Cain. She leaned forward expectantly.

Her eyes made a frightened little jump at the desk. What else could she think? She'd seen it, "The pictures?" she said. "Parminter?"

"Ob," I said, "the envelope. No that's

just some personal junk."

For just a moment there was a question in her eyes. Then she gave me an almost emburrassed smile and said, "I thought when you said."

when you said ."

I chapped my palm to my forehead.
"That was stupid of me," I said "What else could you think? Here ..." I opened the drawer and took the envelope out.
"You'll feel better if you look It's just

"You sees better it you sook It's ju some stuff of mine." I held it out. She looked at it and then at me. "Go ahead," I said. "I understand."

"That tim't mecessary, Max," abe said softly, "I trust you."
I felt like 57 varieties of heel.
I put the envelope hack in the drawer and told her ahout what had happened. I stressed the part about hurring Parmitter's

"Dino Ferarri," she said when I had finished. "Dino all along." "Uh huh," I said. "He's a cute one too." I toki ber ahout Ollie Davis and the heating, the warning to lay off.

prints and prosting

"I hate it that you should have seen the pictures," she said. "I wish that ... " The coel dark eyes were stricken.
"Forget them," I said. "They're ashes now. We'll get Ferarri with the others too."

now. We'll get Ferarri with the others too."

I said, "What are you doing in town?
How did it happen?"

"I came with Jed, He's flying to Europe
on husiness and I came along as far as

New York. He's bought me a Mercedes and I convinced him it would be a wonderful chance for me to have a boliday while he's gone. I'm picking up the car and driving it back to Chicago myself," "Is be still in town?"

"Yes. Pm supposed to be seeing a show. He's up to his ears in overseas sales and expansion plans?" I said. "I was thinking of going out."

She shook her head, her eyes on mine. Then she did something that started my posise haimmening. She was wearing gloves, short wrist-kright gloves. She pulled them off slowly and drepped them beside her on the bed without ever taking her eyes away from mine and get up and came over to

"I couldn't stay away, Max," she said "I tried but I couldn't stay away." An achine warmth uncoiled in my groin and I reached for her, encircling the supple waist with both bands and pulling her arninst me. Her lips were even softer than I'd remembered. I kissed her lightly at first, tasting the scent of her mouth, then huners and hard and long, tasting her pink pointed tonese. I came up for air and she kept kissine me, sharp nibbline little kusses, her arms creeping up my chest, over my shoulders and around my neck. Our eyes were inches apart and I could feel the warm hreath on my throat. I ran my hands over the wonderful inward curve of the small of her back and down alone the tast roundness of her hips. They trembled under my hands and through the material of her skirt I could feel the raised edge of her panties where they circled the tops of her thicke

"Max," she whispered, "undress me." She was on tiptoe, pressed tight against me, straining. Her hands pulled my head down and her mouth was leaving linsterk on my car. I was like a blinded stalloon The blood pounded in my fingertips as they found the sipper to her skirt. She was breathing yes in my ear, touching it with the tip of her tongue and I felt exactly like a pinless grenade lobbing slowly over and over through the air, preparing to explode. After, lying naked on the bed in the dark with the warm neon redness of the Manhattan night coming through the windows of the room like the glow of coals, the said "May 25 "Uh huh."

"What are you going to do now about Dino?"



"I'LL BE RIGHT OUT," he said, and I had no idea I was looking at his last painting



### "SORRY, BUSTER," I said, hitting him "butlers are supposed to let people in

"This is a hell of a thing to tell a client but I don't know for sure." She moved her hand up over mine and pressed it warmly against her face. "What would I have done without you, Max? How could I have faced this?" "I want that ten grand you promised

me." I said "Is that all you ever think of, money?" "That's all right, I'll take it out in

I could feel her laughing then and I best over and smothered the laugh in her mouth with my own. Things started happening again but she pushed me away gently and she got up. "I've got to go, Max. He'll be waiting

for me " She dressed and I lay on the bed with both hands beneath my head staring at the ceiline, at the dim hurning of the night, and for the first time in too long felt inside

the wonder of wholeness and content. She came over to the bed and leaned over me. I felt cool fresh lips on my forehead and smelled the scent of her hair as it brushed the bridge of my nose. The light from the hall slashed into the room and I heard the door close.

I started on Ferarri the next morning. From Rosco Shedd, the girlle booking arent. I got a small lead, the name of Ferarri's agent. He was a heet-faced, sourbearted guy with a matchbox office in the Brill building. Albert Cullen lettered in faded rold on the glass door. From him, I not Ferarri's last New York address. It was a small, garbage-littered brownstone on the east side. The hall was deserted and I rifled through the pile of letters and magaxines on a three-legged table in the ball and found one addressed to him, postmarked San Francisco. The name Julian Marks was written over an embossed return address on a hotel called The Devilon

House-a fine hosteley since 1908. The letter inside was dated July 28th:

Dear Dino. Well I eness you can see I made it to Frisco okay. I wish to hell I'd stayed in

the east

I stopped at the Lido in Chi on the way through and sat in on a couple of sessions. I got an offer to go with this

Valder cat and I wished Pd have graphed it now but I had this deal with Flynn and I thought I was in with Flynn. Ha ha ha. They get a swincing crowd there. You

should die it Dino the reason I'm writing is I lost a package of special reeds I had and I think

I might have left them over at your nad. I would appreciate it if you find them if you would send them to me at this address. Thanks, Maybe if this Flynn gets too much for me I'll see you in Chi. Love and kisses.

I stood there holding the letter in my

The place Marks had mentioned, The Lido Louves I remembered the afternoon she'd paid

off Rasmussen, It was before Ferarri knew she'd hired me. I'd been no more than a foot from Dino Ferarri that afternoon. No wonder the picture from Cullen had seemed vacuely familiar.

It was the piano player The goddnmned piano player.

Like a tired Italian count wearing dark classes. I'd even told him I liked his playing. I could have reached out and touched him there at the har. He'd cone into the back before Naomi came in He'd probably watched her pay off Rasmussen, then sone to the Corinth to keep his appointment. From what he'd apparently told Marks he was mine to Chicago for a while, He was probably still there. I was bettine he

It was only after lunch that I did what I really knew I was coing to do all along I stepped into a booth and called the number Roscoe Shedd had given me for Nuomi's old mommate Paula Norman, There were things about Naomi I just had to have told me.

Paula was married to a musician named Kramer now, but she wasn't reluctant to talk about the days when she'd known Naomi, and I got a capsule history of Naomi's years in New York, It was not, you might say, altogether pleasant, that is, you might say it if you were Naomi's lawyer defending her on some charge or other. If you were the prosecuting attorney, you'd

be lot more explicit.

She started out wanting to be an actress, but she didn't photograph well, so after that it was marry a rich man or die trying. There'd been the business with Parminter. then a small thing with an advertising man named Jerry Brocking who serviced Parminter Textiles, then a little hot kneesies with Jed's son, Marston Crain, who was a painter, and finally a very sudden, very jackpet marriage to the old man, and in between and around all this, lots of bed talk with Dino Ferarri. She was, ohviously, a girl who got along well with men. But then, considering the

equipment I myself could vouch for, that wasn't surprising. I left Paula's feeling like the iron lantern

Mrs. O'Leary's cow had kicked and grabbed the first can that came alone.

"The rearest bar." I said I had achieved a vague 90-proof state of

boory complacency by the time I returned to the hotel a little after five. The room reserved just a little like a barne moving in a centle swell and heneath me the bed was exceeding soft. The image of her heir came, fanned out like a black and fragrant mist, and I brard her saying, "Ask me anything you want, Max. I'll tell you anything you want to know." I was just about to crawl into hed when

the called "I think Ferarri's in Chicago," I said, I gave ber a hrief rundown, "I'd better be

catching an early plane." There was a long pause at the other end of the wire. "I'm driving back to Chicago," she said

softly, "You could go back with me. We could make it in two days easily."

And two nights, I thought, "How smart would that be?" I said, "Cain, I mean." "Don't you want to, Max?"

"Sure I want to," I said. She was wearing a red cashmere sweater that did for her what only a cashmere can do and the silken mass of her thick black bair was drawn back in a casual nonv tail Snor black toreador pants encased her round thirds and as my eyes registered

their approval she leaned across the seat, laughed softly, and handed me the key to the trunk "Very nice," I said, "Does she on?" The Mercedes was some car. Germanbuilt torque wrench precision without the

soft seats and the sarroy chrome. I could feel the checkreins on those wild horses under the bood as she tooled it from Manhattan to New Jersey. WR were somewhere on the other side

of Harrisburg and it was getting light when we turned off the turnpike and spotted a motel vacancy sign hurning with a forlors cold light in the gray dawn mist The proprietor came out in a flannel bathrobe. He looked around 60 or so and wore steel-rimmed glasses. He said all be had was a double. I said that was fine. I registered as Mr. and Mrs. James LaBow of St. Louis, paid him and he gave me the key. We had number 12. Second unit from the end, he said. The light in the office was out before I got back to the car. I drove down to number 12 and we got out. She stretched lazily, not saying anything, and looked around. Then she looked at me. Her eyes were half closed, dark and

about that double bed. When I turned she was waiting in the middle of the room, her hands down at her sides. I slipped out of my cost and dropped it on the bed. I walked over to her slowly and when I was inches from her I reached out and touched her breasts Her eyes seemed to fill her face. She didn't move. Beneath the cashmere sweater I felt the thin material of her hra and the soft flesh pushing against the wool. I moved my hands slowly.

full under the thick lashes, heavy-lidded

with a look that wasn't asleep and I thought

She gave a low murmuring cry and came into my arms, the woman weight of her soft and heavy arainst mr. her arms around my neck, her hands in my hair. I kissed her and her mouth was melting

hutter and honey.

She wriggled away and I pulled her back and kissed her some more. She laughed deliciously and reached up and held my face between her hands.

"Wait, Max," she whispered, "Let me go," her hands traveled down the front of my shirt plucking at the huttons and earne to a stop at my belt huckle. She gave it a tug. I finished the joh, throwing my chothes

on the floor.

When I turned to her she was watching me. Our eyes met and I sank down on the edge of the bed. As though I had made a sign she stepped out of her slippers and with a delt motion of one foot swent them

unife. It was like the bestrainte of a rice watherside, deliberately slewed She undreased with a simous grace as rectle as a page neer godese, unsakaned, even a superior of the second of the second hattoned the swell has been as a lake kir a model foor. Undermosth was a lake kir a model to her herasts like a hand of smoke. She prosent from the vasie, reaching behind to work the second of the second of the behing the second of the second behind to the second of the second of the second of the thing, sithering down her arms and lawing for raised breast like rovey polders in the



"OUT OF MY HOUSE, Raven," Crain screamed, "my wife is private property"

It was wildness.
She clume to me afterward in the large
bed and hepar talking about Cain. How
it was with him, She hated it. His demands were not strong hat he had lost
the ability and not the urge. The urge in
old men took strange and sickening ways
with wômes. I was curious and yet didn't
like hearing of it. Perhaps he sessed it
like hearing of it. Perhaps he sessed it

hecause she stopped. She had thought of leaving him hut she was afraid. "But why," I said. I raised up on one

tihow and looked down at her. "He's wealthy. You could get a large settlement. You're still young," Max, fight me all the "He'd fight me, Max, fight me all the way. He'd never let the Caim name be deaged through a divorce hearing." "That's Victorian," I sid. "He's almost 70. He was hom in 1889."
"All right," I said. "So he thinks different.
You can't he serious though. A divorce
proceeding can be one of the quietest things

you ever heard of."

No," she said. "You're wrong, Max.

Not when the name is Cain. He would never stand for being made a fool of, And that's how he would see it. As he looked to the public. A lecherous old man being made a fool of by me."

made a fool of by me."

I sank hack down and looked up at the dark ceiling.

"No," she said. "He bought me and he's going to keep me, I can only hope he dies

a going to keep me, I can only hope he dies before I'm too old to care."

I swore at the ceiling. I swore at the things that move us like puppets outside of all sense or will. "You didn't have to marry

all sense or will, "You didn't have to marry him," I said. I must have dropped off hut my sleep could not have been sound. Something

wavkened me. It was still early morning and I was alone in the hed. I turned over slowly thinking she had I turned over slowly thinking she had moved into the other hed. Then I saw her. Perhaps it had heen the thin sound of the heavy sipper on my hag that woke me. She had it open on the top of a waist-high class-topped bareou and was bending over it intently, standing naked with her hack

In meanly, standing naked with her hack burned three-quarters to me. I could see her hands going through my things. Then she found what she was looking for. I had known what it would he. A large yellow envelope, Inside were the two pictures I had taken from Parminter and kept. The two modes I hadn't known able to hurn.

She had seen it when I came back to the hotel She had seen nor put it away in the drawer of the deck.

I watched with a sick feeling as the opened the envelope and took them out. She looked at them and then checked the envelope again. Then she looked quickly over toward the hed and, before the sur-

perise came, her face had that same old tender expression I had seen before. It made my shame even more humiliating somehow.
"So now you know," I said My face was flushed, I could feel the blood nound.

ing close to the skin.

"It wasn't a nice thing to have to do,"
she said. She was agitated and there was,
just the suggestion of a quaver in her voice.
"I couldn't stand it. When you said it was
just some personal things I thought..."

"You thought I'd kept the pictures. You couldn't be sure hust then there was the cavelope. The right shape, the right sixe. So you decided it might be better if we took this little trip so you could make sure."
"You're wrong, Max," she said softly. "I might have thought that hu! I trusted you. I talked you into driving back because I wanted to be wish you."

Her voice caught.

t What could I say? It was true. I was caught in a sneaky sort of shuffle and looking for excuses that weren't there. It was difficult meeting her eyes. "Why did you keep these?" she said.

"What can I say?" I said finally. "The woman in them was too beautiful I couldn't. It was a stugled thing to do." She lowered her head and I thought for a moment she was cryong. And she was She came running over to the bed and threw herself on me. I pulled her in under the covers and held her, the long lovely firmness of her curving against me.

She barried her face in my neck and I could feel her lips moving on my skin "Nights when he's home there are times I think I'm going to lose my mind. I have to steep with him. He insists on it." Her voice hroke and she solthed softly. "No." I said. "We could no."

"No." I said. "We could go ..."
"Wait," she broke in. "Let me tell you.
I'm poing to leave him. Three will he a
long time when I won't be also to see you
unless it's absolutely safe. You'll have to be
patient with me. If I can do it my way
he'll give me my freedom and het us
alone."

"How are you going to do it?"
"I can't tell you, darling: Not now. You get my pictures and hy the time he's back I'll have my plans made"
"How lone?"

"Not long. Three months. Perhaps four Soon, durling. Now that I know I can do it, I'll do it as soon as I can."

Then we were quiet for a long time I held her close and the early morning sunlight hreaking through the slats in the hilinds was like pure fire.

We slept late, drove far into the next night, made it to Chicago early in the morning. She dropped me at the airport and I picked up the Chevy and by the time I got to the apartment it was almost seven. I went over what I was going to say until I had it straight and then callfed the Lido Lounge.

A big mellow voice answered. In the

hackground I could hear a jazz comhe apschostring "Mood Indigo." I said I was trying to contact a friend of mine who'd said I'd he able to reach him there. His name was Ferarri I said. He played plano There was a long pause. I heard the finish of "Mood Indigo" and the click of plassware at the lair. Then he said I must

have got a wrong number, wasn't anybody there by that name. "That's funny," I said "Is this the Lido Lounge on 63rd?" He said it was.

"I've got the right place then," I said
"I told him I might be coming to Chicago
and be said I could get him there. Could I
leave a message for him?"

There was another long pause. Then he

said I could if I wanted, they had a lot of musicians stopped in there. I said my name was Julie Marks, Pel just got in from San Francisco. I gave him my number for Ferarri to call. He read it back to me and I thanked him.

I put the receiver down slowly. Dino would get the message. I knew it as soon as he'd said be'd never heaved of him. Fer-arri is an oilbeat name. He hadn't asked me to repeat it or how to spell it. Maybe he had a good ear. Maybe he was a champ speller. I didn't think so, though. I walked around the apartiment opening. I walked around the apartiment opening.

t windows and after that there was nothing to do but sit and watch the clock. The kigh hand crawled alone like a snail ascending the Matterhorn. At two in the afternoon my Untle Nick called. I had asked him to check on the little wessel who'd hem at the Cub Lido to collect Naomi's dough. My Uncle Nick knows a lot of people.

Where you been?" he said. "I hem trying to get you for two days, His name trying to get you for two days, His same.

is Resembles. Fits the description you gave me like he was made up for the part. He's got an apartment on Livermore just off Archer. 2938 West Livermore. Apartment

214 It's a dump " I wrote it down. "How'd you find him?" "You told me be played the borses, remember? I just let the word out to the

books They know him." They wouldn't have known him the way I found him, with blood coming out of a bole in his chest. I had a little trouble setting out of the place because as soon or I walked into his room, locked the door

and saw him lying there, someone started rattling the latch from the hall The room bad a glass skylight. I stuck a chair under it and climbed up, grabbing the metal frame and boosting myself nut just as the door cracked open. In first came a dame in a perlice. When she saw Rasmussen on the floor, she let out a scream and dropped dawn to cradle his weasel bead. Behind her was a fat-faced cop with a

night stick in his hand, I went down the fire escape. The mouth of the alley came nut almost where I'd parked the Chevy. On Archer a prowl car

passed me beaded in the opposite direction. The siren wasn't screaming but they were in a hurry. I thought it over as I drove up Arches to State and then north across the Loop. The more I thought about it the better i fit and the less I liked it but it fit so I had to check it out. I pulled up at a drugstore on Chicago Avenue and called her. I

for Marston Cain's address. First she was puzzled, then she said quietly, "You're not saving Marse is . "Hard telling. Maybe not. Depends on the trail he left if any, I could be wrong,"

"Oh, Max, I hope you are." "I do too," I said. And lead or no lead I meant it.

As it turned out, it was no lead at all. Because just two minutes after Marston Cain let me into his studio and excused bimself, I beard the shot. He was dead by the time I got into the bedroom. That was two corpses in one day. I was beginning to think I was bad luck I went down the stairs two at a time.

Had Marston Cain murdered Rasmussen? It figured. His putting one in his bead when I came calling made it look that way. But wby? I wish I knew the answer to that one. I tried to think about Ferarri. My only bope oow was the message at the Lido Lounge, I boped that Julie Marks was the

nicest pay Ferarri had ever known. When it got dark I went to eat. don't know now what I ate, but a lot of drinks must have preceded dinner because I can't remember getting bome. I do remember waking up later, on the couch, the thone ringing. It was Butterhall, with a voice as unctuous as thickened cream.

"Oh, yes," I said, remembering. "The desk clerk at the Corinth Hotel." "That's right," be said, "only I'm not there any more. I changed jobs just this week. That's why I called. Do you remem-

ber a Mr. Weaver you were asking me about 200 "Of course," I said, "What about him." "Well," be said, "It's a funny thing There's a gentleman here at the Lawrenton

where I'm working now who's almost a dead ringer for him only he's registered here under the name of Ferarri."

The Lawrenton was on North Dearborn I was there in less than half an hour, I would have given him anything he wanted but he settled for fifty to passkey me into Mr. Ferarri's room. He even promised to keen an eye out and ring once on the phone if he saw him come in. I couldn't have been in the room more than five minutes

when it rang I moved over beside the door, eased the switched on the light and was slipping out of his coat before be knew it. Then be

paused with his coat halfway off, and the way he paused I knew he bad made me. "Go ahead," I said. "Get comfortable. We've got a lot to kick around." He looked at the gun. Very cool.

"Where are they?" I said. "Oh, really .

I stepped over to him in two quick, long strides and hit bim in the face with the side of the 38, with the sharp edge of the cartridge cylinder. Like most of the surdeplove school be hadn't expected it—they never do-and be staggered over to one side, colliding with the bed and almost

falling on it. "Okay." I said. "Now lef's cut the George Sanders crap,"

He took his hand away from bis cheek and starred at the red smear of blood. He looked at me. "Boy, you're a tough son of a bitch, aren't you?" be said. "Well, I've got news for you. She's buying them back." told ber what had happened and asked her If he'd wanted to catch me by surprise

> "What do you mean she's buving them back 20 He smiled. "Rather an exotic dell for you. isn't she?" be asked softly. "I imagine mos of your bed partners need dental work and

their undies luxed, huh, shamus?" "Tell me about ber buying them back." "What's there to tell?" he said. "I saw ber tonight She's buying them back. Get ber on the phone and ask her yourself." "Save the routine," I said. "Now do I

get them or does it have to be messy?" "Raven, I have reasons why . "All right," I said. "You've got reasons I've got a method. Take off your belt, toss it over and turo around."

I pulled his bands in back of him. I wrapped the belt around the wrists, making it tight enough to hurt. I slipped the end through the buckle and pulled it until I could just barely secure it at the farthest hole. His hands started turning purple. "You're not going to get anything this

way," be said. "I've got a watch," I said. "C'mon." He came over and I sat him down with bis bound arms around the back of the chair. I remembered how he was playing that piano the afternoon at the Lido Lounge

"The hands will burt for a while," I said. "Then they'll get numb and you won't be able to feel them at all." I went over and opened the top drawer of the bureau.

"Shouldn't take long to go through a room like this," I said. I started through the drawer, piling stuff on tnp of the bureau as I emptied it. When it was bare I swept it back in and started on the second drawer. "I heard you play once," I said.

"The thing that's bad about cutting off the circulation in a guy's bands," I said, "is if you cut it off too long, they sort of starve Something happens to the nerves.

They're never the same afterward." I picked through the third drawer He didn't answer. I went back to the drawer. More shirts, underwear, socks, a pair of expensive abor trees, a metronome in a polished wood case, and then down

underneath the shirts. I found a small, flat, battered black hoy. It wasn't pictures or negatives but it was paydirt all right. H For beroin.

"New we know why Dino never made the his time." I said.

He stayed at the items on the spread. "See what it'll get you," he said. "I think some nictures."

He snorted "Was that the reason for the hurry when

you came in?" I said. "You were tearing off that cost like the itch was on. How long since the last one? Four hours? Five?" In the end, it took well over an bour. He bad guts but not the kind to withstand that particular make of thumb-screw. I sat and smoked and looked over at him once in a while and waited. Then I looked over at him and he was crying softly. After I gave him a fix, be produced the

package from a locked suitcase in the closer. I picked up the package and tore off the rest of the masking tape. There were six more of the 8 x 10 prints, two complete sets of smaller prints, enpies of the originals. and two envelopes. One of the envelopes had the words copy neg. scrawled on it in pencil. There were seven negatives inside. The accord envelope had nothing on it to indicate what it contained, I opened it. Inside was another set of small prints. I took them out and looked at the first one. I was totally unprepared. A trembling started in

my knees. There were four of them, dog-cared, the glossy surface smudged as if they'd been around and handled for a while. They were amateurish and crude but not so crude that detail was obscured. The focus was sharp, the naked man and woman unsparingly rewesled Except for the woman's face, The angle from which they'd been shot was such that her face was turned away and bidden. All you could see was the profile of her brow and cheekbone. As though she had known the pictures were being taken and had turned her face away deliberately. But a husband or a lover would have known ber from the beauty mark on the shoulder, the

rele voluntuous body. I knew who she was Jedediah Cain would have known.

I knew the man too. He was younger in the pictures, with a trace of adolescence still. I knew now why Marston Cain bad killed himself.

And then I heard a sound from the bed. Perarri was sitting up, watching me with bright eyes. "I see you've uncovered the

real prize," he said. "Tell me about those pictures of Marston Cain," I said. "Listen, Raven," he said quickly. "Don't

you see what they are? This is loot, man. This is worth a fortune. The nnes of Parminter are nothing compared to these." I started around the bed. He was boxed in on the other side with no place to go "Jesus," he said, his eyes wide. "Why? She's a trump, man " He reached swidenly and grabbed his cost on the had Before I could move he had reached into the pocket. "Here," he said. "Here. I hadn't seen her in years until tonight. She picked me up in her car. A Lincoln convert," His hand came out, dutching something loose and black, He tossed it at me I threw out my hand and it slithered across the back of it and into my face. It was silky, Cool on my face and perfumed faintly with a fresh astrincent fragrance I knew like my own name.



FORGIVE ME, MAX," Naomi said, cryin: "I didn't mean to kill all those people

It fell to the floor, a pair of women's panties, I hit him and felt the jar wrench my shoulder. He slid down the wall like a punctured hag of sand and I kicked him in the fore

Something crumpled softly and saved me from killing him. I had never kicked a man in the face before. It had broken his nose and maybe his cheekbone. I had felt the hone go, I stood over him, clenching and undersching my tots, forcing myself not to kill him. I went over and picked up the pictures from the floor. I snapped my fangers in his face and his eyes opened. I held up the pictures. "Tell me about these now," I said.

He started to say something and stopped. The left side of his upper lip had becun to swell and it made talking hard. "It was her iden," he said thickly, "He wanted to marry ber, you know, hut he had

some crary idea of telling his old man to shove his money which made her frantic." She had planned it after she knew Marston Cain was senses about the money. The idea had come from her experience with Parminter of course. Knowing the puritanical streak is the older Cain, she had decided Marston could be made to pay off in a similar setsp with the additional attraction that her own face need not show at the time the pictures were taken,

"Where did these come from?" I said. "It was a fluke" he said "Powe fluke She was right about Cain After he know be'd been had, he paid off, Fifteen grand, She gave him the prints and the negatives. That was the end of it as far as she was concerned.

"But the kid still had them. He kept them. I spotted him the day you tried to jump Rasmussen. He followed us when we left the Corinth and I recognized him. He doesn't know me. Never did. I started wondering what he was doing mixed up in it. He couldn't have been helping her so he must have known what we had and was trying to get it for himself. Presumably to get back at her for marrying the old man-

I even thought about selling them to him for a hir price and then I got to wondering shout those pictures she had given him for 15 grand. The rest you can suess." You got into his place and searched and he still had them." He nodded, "It was so easy it would be

funny if he hadn't killed Rasmussen and then

"That's why you were letting her have the others then," I said. "You had these and you were going to bleed them both." I gathered up the nictures all of them and put them back in the ruins of the package. I walked carefully over to the phone and lifted it and dialed. A hored, sleepy, cigar-chewing voice answered at the other end and I said, in a very low voice, "Get this the first time

hecause I'm only going to say it once." Then I waited for a second and said, "I want to report a narcotics addict. Room 715. Lawrenton Hotel in North Dearborn " THEN I went to see Jededish Cain. I had to hull my way past the hutler to

get in. I was going to show Cain the kind of woman he had married. But it didn't work out that way. He bent over them for a long time. I saw his old man's hands touch them and nick them up one by one as if he were mem-

orizing them. He reared out of the chair and his face was terrible, a death mask of fierce lines. the eyes hulging with rage. "FILTH," he screamed at her. "Direy filth, you . . ." and he lurched toward her

He got halfway to her when his face contorted horribly and he rocked to a stop. His whole hody rippled in a giant convulsion. He lay there on the floor gasping and another convulsion seized him and then he was perfectly still It had happened in the space of seconds. I stood staring down at what had been

Jededish Cain. I heard her saying something about his beart. I went over to the desk trying not to let it run wild in my mind. She was standing

watching me. Something about junkies was pushing at my hrain. Ferarri saving he'd had her in the car Then I remembered what it was about junkles. I remembered that a guy on the needle wouldn't care if he never saw the last woman on earth again. If he had her

parties it was because she had siven them to him for a reason. She must have known the minute I fig-

"Naomi," I said, "God in Heaven."

She had an odd strained expression then and took a half step toward me, partially lifting her hand almost as if to comfort me. "Max." she said falteringly. "I'm sorry." She took another half step toward me. "Max," she pleaded, "He was old. He would

have died soon " I felt as though my head were going to burst. "You planned it." I said. "You planned it all along. From the first day you walked into my office you knew it was

ening to end this way? "Max." she whispered and there were tears in her eyes. "Don't turn away, Max. Please," She hit her lip hard and then she said. "Yes. I did. I planned it from the beginning but not Marse. I swear not Marse. Then tonicht when you came here I wanted to stop

the whole thing but I couldn't." I stood there, unable to speak. Then I turned slowly and walked out. . She phoned me three times. I wouldn't talk to ber

It was just midnight. There was a soft knock at the door. I think I must have known who it was. I got up out of bed and asked who was there

"Max, it's Naomi," she said. "Let me in I must talk to you. Please. . " "Go away," I said, 'I don't ever want to see you again."

I hacked away from the door Her voice went on but I could not hear the words. I managed to convince myself for two

days that I didn't want to see her again and then, not even aware of any conscious decision, I found the phone in my hand. There was a short pause and then a strange voice said, "I'm very sorry, sir, you probably haven't heard, Mrs. Cain committed suicide. She has been dead for the past two days."

THERE was only one last question. If left manswered it would have made it possible for me to drive her from my mind. to hate her Why had she taken the pictures of herself with Marston and blackmailed him?

I called Johnny Latimer at Intercontinental in New York. The next morning Johnny's letter came. special delivery, with the hill, There was a list of 13 names.

Her pictures were ready in the afternoon I enclosed one with each copy of a letter I had written, A week went by before I got a renty His name was Marcos Cronin and he ran

a place called the Pine Glen Rest and Health Lodge in the Catskills. The woman in the picture Pd sent him, he said, had been a patient at his establishment for three months during the time I'd specified. So then I knew

The Pine Glen Rest and Health Lodge and all the other places on the list Johnny had sent me were very private, very expensive, voluntary retreats specializing in the treatment of narcotics addiction cases After she had split with Ferneri she would have had just about enough left of the \$15,-

000 to pay the fare. I think that months have gone by but I am not sure. Time has little meaning now. I remember the taste of her ripe soft mouth and the smell of her.

One night she will beckon and I will ...

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